

Aut inveniam viam, aut faciam.

LOUISA, LAWRENCE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, FEBRUARY 8, 1907.

M. F. CONLEY, Publisher

A Boy and His Mother in Trouble.

It is said that the Akers boy mentioned below is from near Louisa, and that he has numerous relatives in the Sandy Valley.

Walter Clark and Otis Akers, two of the boys who were connected with the gang of box car robbers arrested in the boat of the Akersboy's mother, Mrs. Virgil Estes several months ago, pleaded guilty Friday morning and were both sentenced to the Reformatory. The Estes woman was sent to the penitentiary on Thursday for seven years for harboring the gang of thieves, two of whom, the leader of the gang, who was known as Frenchy, and an older son of Mrs. Estes, are fugitives from justice, having escaped from the jail shortly after being arrested.

Judge Daire sentenced the Akers boy to the Reformatory with reluctance, but, as he is slightly over 16 years of age, he could not be sent to the Industrial School. The lad does not seem to be a bad boy at heart, but more the victim of his environments. After passing the sentence upon the boy, the judge gave him a fatherly talk and told him that if he behaved himself at the Reformatory, and showed a disposition to make a man of himself, that the Court would try to secure his release within a year, and would then assist him in finding suitable employment and beneficial surroundings. The boy broke down and cried, and promised to do as he was advised.

When young Akers was first arrested, his chief concern was about his mother's welfare, and when asked on the stand during her trial if it were true that he had said that he did not care what became of him so long as his mother were well, he replied in a clear voice: "No, sir, I did."

There are strong hopes for the boy whose first thoughts are for his mother, and it is believed that with proper associations, the Aker boy will make a good citizen.—Iron frontonian.

Was Known Here.

J. D. (Doug) Barret, who died in Charleston last Wednesday, was well known in this city where for a past he was a frequent visitor. He was the youngest son of Col. and Mrs. James Barret, who lived so long in Warfield, and brother of the Rev. A. Lee Barret of the M. E. Church South. He was a very intelligent and well educated man, possessed of fine business qualifications. He was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, possessing the degrees of B. S. and C. E. His wife has been dead some years and he leaves two children, a boy and a girl. The body was taken to Warfield today for interment. Doug. Barret was a man of kindly impulses, generous to a fault and loyal to his friends. Peace to his ashes and rest to his soul!

Killed at Williamson.

On the East Williamson yards last Sunday one negro shot another negro and killed him instantly.

One pair of felt boots was the cause of contention between them. One claimed that the other had stolen the boots and the other denying the charge. The larger of the two started in to give the other a thrashing, whereupon the smaller negro drew a revolver and raised objection. Three shots were fired. The first entered the larger negro's leg, the second passed through his heart and the third passed through his head.

More'n That.

Judge M. Redwine.

At the head of the editorial column, in the Bugle Herald, this week appears the announcement of Judge M. M. Redwine, asking the favor of nomination, at the hands of his party, as a candidate for the office of Circuit Judge in this the 32nd Judicial district of Kentucky.

Judge Redwine is second to none in the district as a jurist, a gentleman and a business man. He bases his claims on his past record, which stands unclouded before a scrutinizing public. Especially do we point with pride to his views as to law and order.

and a private citizen he is in sympathy with the church of the living God, and by thus striving to do the right and tear down the wrong, he has upheld temperance and sobriety in the midst of the most lawless moonshiners and whiskey peddlers known in Eastern Kentucky.

a judge he is upright, honest and fearless in the discharge of his duties, ever dealing out law and justice in a way that gives satisfaction to the upright, and making the evil doers understand the requirements of good citizenship.

Judge Redwine is the principal candidate; he was appointed by the Governor to fill the first term, a short one, in the new district made by the Legislature and is making a most excellent officer, and it is but fair to give him one elective term, which will also be a short one.

A vote or a word for Judge Redwine will be a move in the right direction—Bugle-Herald.

Rose-Cassady.

The fortunate Rose referred to in the following from the Prestonsburg correspondence of the Ashland Independent is Will Rose, formerly freight telegrapher in the Louisville depot:

A simple, yet beautiful, home wedding took place on Saturday evening when Miss Maud Cassidy, the second daughter of Mrs. Bell Cassidy-Gardner became the wife of Mr. W. F. Rose, formerly of Lawrence county, but now of this place. Rev. Harry Auvil, pastor of the M. L. Church South, performed the ceremony. The bride was tastefully dressed in embroidered white muslin, and wore a dainty necklace, a gift of the groom. The groom was dressed in the conventional linen. When the ceremony was concluding

When the ceremony was concluded hearty congratulations were extended by the assembled guests. The bride is one of the sweetest girls of Prestonsburg, and, it is unnecessary to say, made a charming bride. After the ceremony delightful refreshments were served, which the guests were loud in praising. The groom is Depot Agent at this place, and has made many friends in our little city since coming here by his pleasant ways and gentlemanly conduct.

The Hall is Silent.

The hall is silent. Court wound up business last Friday, and the hall of justice is deserted by its usual occupants. There was more work which could have been done, but, the three weeks' Court were strenuous ones, and the lawyers as well as the able Court itself were willing to stop. Saturday morning the Judge went home to renew his acquaintance with his family and take a rest before the beginning of his new Court.

Have Glasses Fitted.

Mr. Wilson, watchmaker at Copley's store, now has his optical case here and is prepared to test and fit your eyes accurately with spectacles. Come in and have a trial made. Prices of optical goods reasonable—usually about one-half what is charged by traveling opticians, peddlers and fakirs.

John "Garden" and the Park.

A good many people call him John "Garden," and if he continues to gobble up all the town land and lag around he'll be a good shogener. John Gartin is the man under consideration, and this time he is called out by his recent purchase of Fred Lynch's part, or third, of Fountain Park.

A Wedding Of Local Interest.

is with pleasure that we chron-
icle the marriage of Mr. F. M. Pe-
ters to Miss Trixie McClagherty.

birth of this city, Miss McClaugherty, the accomplished and bewitching bride, is the daughter of Judge J. C. McClaugherty, of this city. The bride was attending college in Washington city completing her education and has a host of friends who will congratulate her upon the happy event.

The groom, Mr. Francis Marion Peters, is the son of J. L. Peters, formerly of Wayne county, this state, and his mother was a sister of Hon. Samuel S. Vinson, of Huntington. Mr. Peters is one of the most trusted young men in the city of Bluefield and is popular in every

known. He practiced law for several years before he became cashier of the State Bank of Bluefield and served the last term as city treasurer.

We know of no young citizen of Southern West Virginia who stands higher in the estimation of the people and it is with peculiar pride that we note this happy union. My friends all over the state will be glad to learn of his good fortune and will congratulate him heartily.

The "Leader" extends its best wishes to both the bride and groom and predicts a bright future for the newly wedding couple. That their future will be strewn with pleasures there is no reason to doubt. There is no event in Blackfoot history that has happened

field society that has happened more
a long time that will give more
genuine pleasure among the friends
of the happy couple. The bride
and groom are expected in Bluefield
this evening where they will
make their future home.—Bluefield
Leader.

A FINE STORY.
Opening Chapters Begin With
This Issue.

For the entertainment of readers the NEWS has begun and will continue until finished the weekly publication of one of the best stories given to the public many a year. It is The House of a Thousand Candles, by Meredith Nicholson a noted author, and this is his masterpiece. It is most thrilling interest and holds attention from lid to lid. The price of the book is \$1.50 and the subscribers of this paper get it for nothing. It will run in the NEWS about three in nine.

Judge Redwine's Announcement

Attorneys say the term of Lawrence Circuit Court which closed last Saturday was one of the busiest ever held here. A great deal of business was disposed of and the rulings of the Court appear to be satisfactory to everybody.

Judge Redwine is making a good record on the bench. He is firm in his rulings and patient with those who come before him.

He has told our readers that he wants the nomination for the sixth term and has named the reasons for his belief that he is entitled to this honor.

It is well known that the policy of the NEWS is to withhold inducement of any candidate before convention. The object in this connection is simply to call attention to the announcement of Judge Redwine, which appears in our announcement column, and to make

tion a few facts. He is a mental and physical vigor, extensive experience in the profession, energetic and resolute. His services in putting down the illegal traffic in liquor have been and will be very helpful to the morals of the district. It will result in: reducing, the extent of crime, a great deal of which is traceable directly to the liquor traffic.

May Not Return.

Mrs. P. S. Bond, who has been in Cincinnati for several weeks, is not return to Louisville, and the lieutenant has taken quarters at Brunswick. He has nearly completed the usual two years' tour of duty here and expects orders to the Philippines. There may be at any moment.

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES

By MARGARET MCDONALD
AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES"
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CHAPTER I.

The Will of John Marshall Glenarm. Pickering's letter bringing news of my grandfather's death found me at Naples early in October. John Marshall Glenarm had died in June, leaving a will which gave me his property conditionally, Pickering wrote, and it was necessary for me to return immediately to qualify as legatee. It was by the merest luck that the letter came to my hands at all, for it had been sent to Constantinople, in care of the consul-general instead of my banker there, and it was not Pickering's fault that the consul was a friend of mine who kept track of my wanderings and was able to hurry the executor's letter after me to Italy, where I had gone to meet an English fiancée who had, I was advised, unlimited money to spend on African railways. I, an engineer, a graduate of an American institution familiarly known as "The Tech," and as my funds were running low I naturally turned to my profession for employment.

But this letter changed my plans and the following day I enabled Pickering of my departure and was outward bound on a steamer for New York. Fourteen days later I sat in Pickering's office in the Alexis Building and listened intently while he read, with much ponderous emphasis, the provisions of my grandfather's will. When he concluded I laughed. Pickering was a serious man, and I was glad to see that my levity pained him. I had, for that matter, always been a source of annoyance to him, and his look of distrust and rebuke did not trouble me in the least.

I reached across the table for the paper, and he gave the sealed and ribboned copy of John Marshall Glenarm's will into my hands. I read it through for myself, feeling conscious meanwhile that Pickering's cool gaze was bent inquiringly upon me. These are the paragraphs that interested me most.

"I give and devise unto my said grandson, John Glenarm, sometime a resident of the city and state of New York, and later a vagabond of parts unknown, a certain property known as Glenarm House, with the lands and hereditaments thereto pertaining and hereinafter more particularly described, and all personal effects, goods and other property that may be located in the premises and on the land herein described,—the said realty lying in the county of Wabana in the state of Indiana,—upon this condition, faithfully and honestly performed:

"That said John Glenarm shall remain as occupant of said Glenarm House and of my lands appurtenant thereto, demeaning himself meanwhile in an orderly and temperate manner. Should he fail at any time during said year to comply with this provision, said property shall at once revert to my general estate, shall become, without reservation and without necessity for any process of law the property, absolutely, of Marian Devereux, of the county and state of New York."

"Well," he demanded, striking his hands upon the arms of his chair, "what do you think of it?"

For the life of me I could not help laughing again. There was, in the first place, a delicious irony in the fact that I should learn through him of my grandfather's wishes with respect to myself. Pickering and I had grown up in the same town in Vermont, we had attended the same preparatory school, but there had been from boyhood a certain antagonism between us. He had always succeeded where I failed, which is to say, I must admit, that he had succeeded pretty frequently. When I refused to submit to my profession, but chose to see something of the world first, Pickering gave himself seriously to the law, and there was, I knew from the beginning, no manner of chance that he would fail.

I am not more or less than human, and I remembered with joy that once I had thrashed him soundly at the prep school for bullying a smaller boy, but our score from school days was not "hot" tally on his side. He was really the better scholar—I grant him that; and he was shrewd and plausible. You never quite knew the extent of his powers and resources, and he had, I always maintained, the most amazing good luck,—as witness the fact that John Marshall Glenarm had taken a friendly interest in him. It was wholly like my grandfather, who was a man of many whims, to give his affairs into Pickering's keeping; and I could not complain, for I had used my own chance with him. It was, I knew readily enough, part of my punishment for having succeeded so signally in incurring my grandfather's displeasure that he had made it necessary for me to treat with Arthur Pickering in this matter of the will; and Pickering was enjoying the situation to the full.

But there was something not wholly honest in my mind, for my conduct during the three preceding years had been reprehensible. I had used my grandfather's shabby. My parents died when I was a child, and he had cared for me as far back as my memory ran. He had suffered me to spend the fortune left by my father without restraint; he had expected much of me, and I had grievously disappointed him. It was his hope that I should devote myself to architecture, a profession

for which he had the greatest admiration, whereas I had insisted on engineering.

I am not writing an apology for my conduct in going abroad at the end of my career at Tech and, making Laurence Donovan's acquaintance, settling off with him on a career of adventure. I do not regret, though possibly it would be more to my credit if I did, the months spent in leisurely following the Danube east of the Iron Gate—Laurence Donovan always with me, while we urged the villagers and inn-keepers of all manner of addition, acquitting ourselves so well that, when we came out into the Black sea, for further pleasure, Russia did us the honor to keep a spy at our heels. I should like, for my own satisfaction, at least, to set down an account of certain affairs in which we were concerned at Belgrad, but without Larry's consent I am not at liberty to do so. Nor shall I take time here to describe our travels in Africa, though our study of the Atlas mountain dwarfs won us honorable mention by the British Ethnological Society.

These were my yesterday's; but to-day I sat in Arthur Pickering's office in the towering Alexis Building, conscious of the muffled roar of Broadway, discussing the terms of my grandfather Glenarm's will with a man whom I disliked as heartily as it is safe for one man to dislike another. Pickering had asked me a question, and I was suddenly aware that his eyes were fixed upon me and that he awaited my answer.

"What do I think of it?" I repeated. "I don't know that it makes any difference what I think, but I'll tell you, if you want to know, that I call it infamous, outrageous, that a man should leave a ridiculous will of that sort behind him. All the old money-bags who pile up fortunes mainly the importance of their money. They imagine that every kindness, every ordinary courtesy shown them, is merely a bid for a slice of the cake. I'm disappointed in my grandfather. He was a splendid old man, though God knows he had his queer ways. I'll bet a thousand dollars, if I have so much money in the world, that this scheme is yours, Pickering, and not his. It smacks of your ancient vindictiveness, and John Marshall Glenarm had come of that in his blood. That stipulation about my residence out there is fantastic. I don't have to be a lawyer to know



"Well, What Do You Think of It?" but, and no doubt I could break the will; I've a good notion to try it, anyhow."

"To be sure. You can tie up the state for a half dozen years if you like," he replied coolly. "He did not look upon me as likely to become a formidable figure. My staying qualities had been proved weak long ago, as Pickering knew well enough."

"No doubt you would like that," I answered. "But I'm not going to give you the pleasure. I shall be the terms of the will. My grandfather was a fine old gentleman. I don't drag his name through the courts—not even a pleasure you, Arthur Pickering," I declared hotly.

"The same old story of a good man, Glenarm," he replied. "But this woman who is to succeed in my rights—I don't seem to remember her."

"It is not surprising that you never heard of her." "Then she's not a connection of the family,—no last cousin whom I ought to know?"

"No; she was a late acquaintance of your grandfather. He met her through an old friend of his—Miss Evans, known as Sister Theresa. Miss Devereux is Sister Theresa's niece."

I wilted. I had a dim recollection that during my grandfather's long widowhood there were occasional reports that he was about to marry. The name of Miss Evans had been mentioned in this connection. I had heard it spoken of in my family, and not, I remembered, with much kindness. Later I heard of her joining a Sisterhood, and opening a school somewhere in the West.

"And Miss Devereux—is she an elderly nun, too?"

"I don't know how elderly she is, but she isn't a nun at present. Still, she's very much alone in the world, and she and Sister Theresa are very faithful."

"Pass the will again, Pickering, while I make sure I grasp these divert-

ing ideas. Sister Theresa isn't the one I mustn't marry is she? It's the other ecclesiastical embroidery artist,—the one with the 'X' in her name, suggesting the algebra of my vanishing youth."

I read aloud this paragraph: "Provided, further, that in event said John Glenarm aforesaid shall marry the said Marian Devereux, or in the event of any promise or contract of marriage between said persons within five years from the date of the provisions of this will, the whole estate shall become the property absolutely of St. Agatha's School, at Annandale, Wabana county, Indiana, a corporation under the laws of said state."

"For a touch of comedy commend me to my grandfather! Pickering, you always were a well-meaning fellow,—I'll turn over to you all my right, interest and title in and to these angelic Sisters. Marry! I like the idea! I suppose some one will try to marry me for my money. Marriage, Pickering, is not embraced in my scheme of life!"

"I should hardly call you a marrying man," he observed.

"Perfectly right, my friend! Sister Theresa was considered a possible match for my grandfather in my youth. I'm quite out of it with her. And the other lady with the fascinating algebraic climax to her name,—she, too, is impossible; it seems that I can't get the money by marrying her. I'd better let her take it. She's as poor as the devil, I dare say."

"I imagine not. The Evanses are a wealthy family, in spots, and she ought to have some money of her own. If her aunt doesn't cough it out of her for educational schemes."

"And where on the map are these lovely Evanses to be found?"

"Sister Theresa's school adjoins your preserve; Miss Devereux has, I think, some of her own wealth for travel. Sister Theresa is her nearest relative, and she occasionally visits St. Agatha's—that's the school."

"I suppose they endeavor to alter clothes together and otherwise labor valiantly to bring about an upon upon and his cohort. But the people to tell the wool over the eyes of my grandfather?"

Pickering smiled at my resentment. "You'd better close them a wide berth; they might catch you in their act. Sister Theresa is said to have quite a winning way. She certainly plucked your grandfather."

"Nuns in agencies, the gentle educators of youth and that sort of thing, with a good natured old man for their prey. None of them for me!"

"I rather thought so," remarked Pickering,—and he pulled his watch from his pocket and turned the stem with his peevish fingers. He was short, thickset and sleek, with a square jaw, hair already thin and a close-cropped mustache. As I mentally reflected, was not I mentally reflected, was not I mentally reflected,

I had no intention of allowing him to see that I was irritated. I drew out my cigarette case and passed it across the table.

"After you! They're made quite specially for me in Vermont."

"You are of too. I never use tobacco in my hand."

"You always did make a good deal of the leg of him," I observed, throwing my pocket watch into his wastebasket. "Well, I'm the bad boy of the household. He's really sorry my grandfather has a strong hold on him. I'm out of money. I suppose you couldn't advance me a few thousands to my credit?"

"Not a cent," he declared, with quite unexpected vigor; and I laughed again, remembering that in my old employment of him generally had not been represented in large figures. "It's not in keeping with your grandfather's wishes that I should do so. You must have spent a good bit of money in your tiger hunting exploits," he added.

"I have spent all I had," I replied modestly. "Thank God, I'm not a clam! I've seen the world and paid for it, and I ask nothing of you. You undoubtedly share my grandfather's idea of me, that I'm a wild man who can't sit still or lead an orderly, decent life; but I'm going to give you a terrible disappointment. What's the size of the estate?"

Pickering eyed me—uneasily. I thought—had never playing with a pencil. I never liked Pickering's hands; they were thick and white and better kept than I like to see a man's hands.

"I fear it's going to be disappointing in his trust-company, boxes here I have been able to find only about ten thousand dollars' worth of securities. Possibly—quite possibly—two were all devolved in the amount of his fortune. Sister Theresa wheedled large sums out of him, and he spent, as you will see, a small fortune on the house at Annandale without finishing it. It wasn't a cheap proposition, and in its unfinished condition it is practically valueless. You must know that Mr. Glenarm gave away a great deal of money in his lifetime. Moreover, he established your father. You know what he left—it was not a small fortune as those things are reckoned."

I was restless under this recital. My father's estate had been of respectable size, and I had dispensed the whole of it. My conscience pricked me as I recalled an item of \$10,000 that I had spent—somewhere grandly—on an expedition that I led, with considerable satisfaction to myself, at least, through the Sudan. But Pickering's words annoyed me.

"Let me understand you," I said, bending toward him. "My grandfather was supposed to be rich, and yet you tell me you find little property. Sister Theresa got money from him to help build a school. How much was that?"

"I cannot say. It was an enormous sum. His books show the amount, but he took no note of it."

"And that claim is worth—?" "It is good as against her individually. But she contends—"

"Yes, go on?"

"I had struck the right note. He was annoyed by my persistence and his apparent discomfort pleased me."

"She refused to pay. She says Mr. Glenarm made her a gift of the money."

"That's possible, isn't it? He was forever making gifts to churches. Schools and theological seminaries were a sort of weakness with him."

"We'll pass that. If you get this money the estate is worth \$60,000, plus the value of the land out there at Annandale, and Glenarm House is worth—"

"There you have me!"

"It was the first blitheness he had shown, and it put me on guard."

"I should like an idea of its value. Even an unfinished house is worth something."

"Land out there is worth from \$100 to \$150 an acre. There's an even hundred acres. I'll be glad to have your appraisal of the house when you get there."

"Humph! You flatter my judgment. Pickering. The loose stuff there is worth how much?"

"It's all in the library. Your grandfather's weakness was architecture."

"So I remember!" I interposed, recalling my stormy boyhood with John Marshall Glenarm over my choice of a profession.

"In his last years he turned more and more to his books. He placed out here what I suppose the finest collection of books relating to architecture to be found in this country. That was his chief hobby, after church affairs, as you may remember, and he rode it hard. But he derived a great deal of satisfaction from his studies."

"I should have thought it was easier to laugh than to cry over the situation."

"I suppose he wanted me to sit down there, surrounded by works on architecture, with the idea that a study of the subject would by and by resource. The scheme is eminently reasonable. And all I get is a so-called house, a doubtful claim against a Protestant nun who has belated my grandfather into a school for her. Please you heart, man, so far as my liberty is concerned it would have been money in my pocket to have stayed in Africa."

"That's about the size of it."

"But the personal property is all mine,—anything that's loose on the place. Perhaps my grandfather planted old plate and government bonds just to plague the curiosity of his heirs, successors and assigns. It would be in keeping!"

I had walked to the window and looked out across the city. As I turned suddenly I found Pickering's eyes bent upon me with curious intensity. I had never liked his eyes; they were too steady. When a man always meets your gaze tranquilly and readily, it is just as well to be wary of him.

"Yes; no doubt you will find the place literally packed with treasure," he said and laughed. "When you find anything you may as well write me."

He smiled; the idea seemed to give him pleasure.

"Are you sure there's nothing else?" I asked. "No substitute—no refund!"

"If you know of anything of the kind it's your duty to provide it. We have exhausted the possibilities. I'll admit that the provisions of the will are unusual; your grandfather was a peculiar man in many respects, but he was thoroughly sane and his faculties were all sound to the last."

"He treated me a lot better than I deserved," I said, with a hearty laugh that I had not known often in my irresponsible life; but I could not afford to show feeling before Arthur Pickering.

I picked up the copy of the will and examined it. It was undoubtedly authentic; it bore the certificate of the clerk of Wabana county, Indiana. The witnesses were Thomas Bates and Arthur Pickering.

"Who's Bates?" I asked, pointing to the man's signature.

"One of your grandfather's discoveries. He's in charge of the house out there, and a trustworthy fellow. He's a fair cook, among other things. I don't know where Mr. Glenarm got Bates, but he had every confidence in him. The man was with him at the end."

A picture of my grandfather dying, alone with a servant, while I, his only kinsman, wandered in strange lands was not one that I could contemplate with much satisfaction. My grandfather had been an odd little figure of a man, who always wore a long black coat, silk hat, and carried a curious silver-headed staff, and said puzzling things at which everybody was afraid either to laugh or to cry. The thought of him touched me now. I was glad to feel that his money had never been mine to me; it did not matter whether his estate was great or small, I could, at least, ease my conscience by observing the highest of the old man whose name I bore, and whose interest in the finer things of life and art had given him an undeniable distinction.

"I should like to know something of Mr. Glenarm's last days," I said abruptly.

"He wished to visit the village where he was born, and Bates, his companion and servant, went to Vermont with him. He died quite suddenly, and was buried beside his father in the old village cemetery. I saw him last only in the summer. I was away from home and did not know of his death until it was all over. Bates came to report it to me, and to show the necessary papers in probating the will. It had to be done in the place of the deceased's residence, and we went to-

gether to Wabana, the seat of the county in which Annandale lies."

"I was silent after this, looking out toward the sea that had called me since my earliest dreams of the world that lay beyond it."

"It's a poor stake, Glenarm," remarked Pickering casually, and I wheeled upon him.

"I suppose you think it a poor stake! I suppose you can't see anything in that old man's life beyond his money; but I don't care a curse what my inheritance is! I never obeyed any of my grandfather's wishes in his lifetime, but now that he's dead his last wish is mandatory. I'm going out there to spend a year if I die for it. Do you get my idea?"

"Humph! You always were a stormy petrel," he sneered. "I fancy it will be safer to keep our most agreeable acquaintance on a strictly business basis. If you accept the terms of the will—"

"Of course I accept them! Do you think I am going to make a row, refuse to fulfill that old man's last wish!"

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"One of your grandfather's discoveries. He's in charge of the house out there, and a trustworthy fellow. He's a fair cook, among other things. I don't know where Mr. Glenarm got Bates, but he had every confidence in him. The man was with him at the end."

A picture of my grandfather dying, alone with a servant, while I, his only kinsman, wandered in strange lands was not one that I could contemplate with much satisfaction. My grandfather had been an odd little figure of a man, who always wore a long black coat, silk hat, and carried a curious silver-headed staff, and said puzzling things at which everybody was afraid either to laugh or to cry. The thought of him touched me now. I was glad to feel that his money had never been mine to me; it did not matter whether his estate was great or small, I could, at least, ease my conscience by observing the highest of the old man whose name I bore, and whose interest in the finer things of life and art had given him an undeniable distinction.

"I should like to know something of Mr. Glenarm's last days," I said abruptly.

"He wished to visit the village where he was born, and Bates, his companion and servant, went to Vermont with him. He died quite suddenly, and was buried beside his father in the old village cemetery. I saw him last only in the summer. I was away from home and did not know of his death until it was all over. Bates came to report it to me, and to show the necessary papers in probating the will. It had to be done in the place of the deceased's residence, and we went to-

gether to Wabana, the seat of the county in which Annandale lies."

"I was silent after this, looking out toward the sea that had called me since my earliest dreams of the world that lay beyond it."

"It's a poor stake, Glenarm," remarked Pickering casually, and I wheeled upon him.

"I suppose you think it a poor stake! I suppose you can't see anything in that old man's life beyond his money; but I don't care a curse what my inheritance is! I never obeyed any of my grandfather's wishes in his lifetime, but now that he's dead his last wish is mandatory. I'm going out there to spend a year if I die for it. Do you get my idea?"

"Humph! You always were a stormy petrel," he sneered. "I fancy it will be safer to keep our most agreeable acquaintance on a strictly business basis. If you accept the terms of the will—"

"Of course I accept them! Do you think I am going to make a row, refuse to fulfill that old man's last wish!"

"Humph! You flatter my judgment. Pickering. The loose stuff there is worth how much?"

"It's all in the library. Your grandfather's weakness was architecture."

"So I remember!" I interposed, recalling my stormy boyhood with John Marshall Glenarm over my choice of a profession.

"In his last years he turned more and more to his books. He placed out here what I suppose the finest collection of books relating to architecture to be found in this country. That was his chief hobby, after church affairs, as you may remember, and he rode it hard. But he derived a great deal of satisfaction from his studies."

"I should have thought it was easier to laugh than to cry over the situation."

"I suppose he wanted me to sit down there, surrounded by works on architecture, with the idea that a study of the subject would by and by resource. The scheme is eminently reasonable. And all I get is a so-called house, a doubtful claim against a Protestant nun who has belated my grandfather into a school for her. Please you heart, man, so far as my liberty is concerned it would have been money in my pocket to have stayed in Africa."

"That's about the size of it."

"But the personal property is all mine,—anything that's loose on the place. Perhaps my grandfather planted old plate and government bonds just to plague the curiosity of his heirs, successors and assigns. It would be in keeping!"

I had walked to the window and looked out across the city. As I turned suddenly I found Pickering's eyes bent upon me with curious intensity. I had never liked his eyes; they were too steady. When a man always meets your gaze tranquilly and readily, it is just as well to be wary of him.

"Yes; no doubt you will find the place literally packed with treasure," he said and laughed. "When you find anything you may as well write me."

He smiled; the idea seemed to give him pleasure.

"Are you sure there's nothing else?" I asked. "No substitute—no refund!"

"If you know of anything of the kind it's your duty to provide it. We have exhausted the possibilities. I'll admit that the provisions of the will are unusual; your grandfather was a peculiar man in many respects, but he was thoroughly sane and his faculties were all sound to the last."

DR. ELBERT C. JENKS,

DENTIST.

In Bank Block over R.T. Burns' Law Office.

Permanently located in Louisa.

TIP MOORE,

Attorney at Law,

WEBBVILLE, KY.

Collections in Eastern Kentucky given special attention.

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Commercial litigation, Corporation and Real Estate. Collections made, Estates settled, Depositions taken.

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D. M. D. DENTIST

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BUCHANAN, KY.

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PHYSICIAN EVERY SUNDAY,

MONDAY, TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

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OFFICE, GAS BLDG. : PHONE 34

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County News Items

Interesting Facts Gathered During the Week by Our Regular Correspondents.

HICKSVILLE.

Geo. W. Hicks and Ed. Jones left last week for Holden, W. Va., where they will work in a machine shop.

Mrs. Hanville Holbrook is visiting her sister on Cherokee.

Smith Hicks is dangerously sick.

Rev. Boggs, of Greenup, was visiting relatives here last week.

Mrs. Claude Holbrook will attend school at Weebville the remainder of the winter.

C. Hicks recently sold a fine mule to John Crabtree.

Dr. Thompson, of Weebville, was here one day last week visiting some of his patients.

M. J. Hicks is making coal for A. Hicks.

John Holbrook has returned from Mahan where he has been engaged with a lumber company.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Howard visited Smith Hicks last Sunday.

Carr McKinney, of Irish creek, has moved to Caney Falls.

Tom Daniels, Jr., will soon begin traveling for a seed company.

Bro. Daniel, of this place, preached at Green Valley last Sunday.

Mrs. Laura Holbrook has returned from a visit to relatives on Cherokee.

A Hicks has returned from a business trip to Louisa and Ashland.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

Walding, Kinman & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system.

Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Farm for Sale.

3 adjoining farms 2 1/2 miles from Weebville, 1 of 200 acres has 2 good dwellings, storehouse and all out buildings, plenty of water, orchard, 50 acres in grass, 100 acres cleared, plenty of timber to keep up the place.

Another, that of 100 acres, 50 of it cleared, 30 acres in grass, 2 dwellings, plenty of good springs.

Also, 100 acres, 75 acres cleared, 20 acres in grass, mostly fresh, 20 acres of bottom on all these tracts. Will sell these places all together or separately.

Also, have a good saw and grist mill on the place which will be sold with it, or separately. Good engine and boiler and good barns.

Terms cash. For further information apply to Big Sandy News, Louisa, Ky.

FOR SALE.

30-horse power boiler and engine on wheels, made by Dwyer Mfg. Co. Good as new, with new saw-mill. Terms and prices very reasonable.

MONT HOLT, Louisa, Ky.

"REGULAR AS THE SUN"

Is an expression as old as the race. No doubt the rising and setting of the sun is the most regular performance in the universe, unless it is the motion of the liver and bowels when regulated with Dr. King's New Life Pills. Guaranteed by A. M. Hughes, druggist, 25c.

LUMBER WANTED

We are in the market for Oak, Poplar, Ash and Sugar-tree Lumber. The Ohio Valley Furniture Co., Manchester, Ohio.

Gas Engine For Sale.

More power being needed in the NFWS office to move all the machinery now in use, we have replaced our two and one-half horse power engine with a four horse power. The smaller engine is offered for sale. It is in excellent condition, and can be run on kerosene or gasoline. Price \$75 which is half of the original cost.

MT. ZION.

Tobe Calwell has returned to his school at Louisa.

Phil Hyington is no better.

Allen and Millard Prichard passed down our creek Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Vess Bryant, of Zel-d visited their parents at this place last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Kinney went to Holts Fork Saturday to visit their parents.

A J. Petry, went to Mavity last Saturday.

Mrs. Charity Hensley has returned home after a week's visit with her mother at Hubbardtown.

Curtis Fench, who has fever, is improving.

Dump Kinney was a business visitor in Catlettsburg Saturday.

Lewis Fannin, who has been visiting relatives in Portsmouth, returned home Monday.

Lafe Queen, of Whites creek, was shopping here Saturday.

G. K. Harmon was a business visitor in Ashland Friday.

Mrs. Annie Kinney contemplates a visit to Portsmouth in the near future.

Mrs. Annie Pankins visited Missa on Kees Sunday.

Joe Ross was visiting East Fork friends Friday.

Several of the boys of this place attended the meeting at Durbin Sunday.

Fannina are busy fencing after the high water.

W. Rehm, of Adeline, passed here Sunday en route to Durbin.

Mr. and Mrs. Ollie Hanna visited Mr. and Mrs. Crossman Buchanan Sunday.

Wade Vanhorn was on our creek Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Millard French visited their parents Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hyington, Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Kinney spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Dump Kinney.

John Ross, of Durbin, was here last week.

Two Chums.

The Louisa National Bank.

The place to deposit your money is in The Louisa National Bank, which has a capital of \$50,000.00, surplus and profits of \$5,000.00, and a security of \$105,000.00 for depositors. Insurance of every kind against loss. Our business is conducted upon a conservative basis. Security is the first thing to consider in placing your money for safe keeping.

We are at your service and have every modern facility for handling your business. You are invited to open an account with us.

THE LOUISA NATIONAL BANK, Louisa, Ky.

M. G. WATSON, - - - President

M. F. CONLEY, - - - Cashier

J. F. HACKWORTH, L. H. YORK,

R. L. VINSON, F. H. YATES,

AUGUSTUS SNYDER,

All leather shoes of all sizes. Also new felt boots and rubbers. Racket Store.

Home Circle Column.

A Column Dedicated to Tired Mothers as They Join the Home Circle.

A RECIPE FOR A DAY.

Take a little dash of water cold And a little heaven of prayer, And a little bit of morning gold Dissolved in the morning air.

Add to your meal some merriment And a thought for your kith and kin, And then, as your prime ingredient, A plenty of work thrown in.

But spice it all with the essence of love And a little whiff of play, Let a wise old book and a glance above Complete the well made day.

Young man, did you ever think that it is not manly or noble to make yourself appear tough? If you are tough people will find it out soon enough without your trying to make it so prominent. A gentleman is always respected by a gentleman while a tough is respected by a tough.

Do you know that boys are much more particular who they go with than girls are? You may think this is a strange statement but it is so. A girl will go on the streets with a boy that gets drunk, but if a boy finds out that the girl gets drunk he won't go with her. We wish our girls would be as particular about whom they go with as the boys are.

Be as careful to keep the weeds out of the minds of your children as you are to keep them out of your garden. But remember something will grow there if you don't plant them with good grain, the weeds will take root. In spite of you. Keep a library of good teen books, and by all means keep your home paper before them.

If young boys and girls could only understand how happy it makes their parents when they are doing well and conducting themselves like ladies and gentlemen, it seems to us they would make a greater effort than they do to avoid evil deeds and acts. A greater part of the pleasures in this life, to parents, is found in the success and welfare of their children going out of their home. And much of the misery is caused by waywardness and misdeeds of sons and daughters.

If there is one thing above another a young man should be ashamed of doing, it is loafing without aim, purpose or profit, on the streets or in stores, day after day all week. If you have nothing to do, stay at home—a part of the time at any rate. No young man with any self respect will content himself with aspiring to no higher reputation than that of a chronic loafer and a store box magnate. Nothing will so blunt the higher faculties of the mind as inactivity, and no inactivity is so baneful and unproductive in its effect as that voluntary idleness termed loafing.

Let us say to benevolents, young and old, if you did but show an ordinary civility toward these common articles of housekeeping—your wives—if you would give them a hundred and sixteenth part of the compliments you almost choke them with before you were married, fewer women would seek for other sources of affection. Praise your wife, then, for all the good qualities she has and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are counter balanced by your own.

We have great respect for the woman who knows how to spare herself for the one who knows when she has enough. We have respect for the one who has the courage to say, "I am not strong enough to sew for the heathen and do my home duties also, and my home is first," and who dares set in her house and see others conduct sewing societies. This is no plea for idleness, or for selfishness that is like a canker to the soul, only a plea for a knowledge of one's own powers and limitations, for a courage according to the convictions, for a judgment that is enlightened and generous, not only towards others, but towards herself.

It is the daily life that beats as the manner of men we are. It is not our prayers, it is not our profession, but it is the tone of daily discourse and conduct that decides how we stand. The little homely graces; the cheerful, every-day amenities; the Christ-like spirit uttering itself, not so much in concrete acts as in an unconscious influence; not so much in deed as in that subtle aroma which, without name, excludes from the saintly soul, to equals and inferiors, to disagreeable and disagreeable, to rich, poor, ignorant, to young, to old, bearing burdens; accepting crosses; seeking no great thing to do, content to put self by and be a servant of the lowly—these are fruits of one root—fruits that none can counterfeit.

AN AGED COUPLE.

We recently spent a pleasant evening with an aged couple, and what added to the pleasantness was the fact that this couple was living in the sunset of a well spent life, they were as devoted to each other as when the "honey-moon" first shown in their pathway. We could not but compliment our friend upon his devotion to his aged companion, and in reply said to us, "You mistake me if you think age has blotted out

my heart. Though silver hair falls over a brow all furrowed, yet I am a lover still. I love all nature, and I love you aged dame. Look at her. Her face is care-worn, but she has ever held a smile for me. Often have I shared the same bitter cup with her, and so shared it we are almost sweet. Years of sickness have stolen the freshness of life; but like the faded rose, the perfume of her love is richer than when in the full bloom of youth and maturity. Together we have wept over graves. Through suns and storms we have clung together, and now she sits with her knitting, her cap quaintly frilled, the old style kerchief crossed white and prim above the heart that beat so long and true for me; the dim blue eyes that shrinkingly front the glad day; the sunlight throwing a parting farewell, kisses her brow and leaves upon it faint tracing of wrinkles angelic cadence. I see, though no one else can, the bright, glad young face that won me first, and the glowing love of forty years thrills through my heart till tears come. Though this form be bowed, God imparts eternal life within. Let the ear be deaf, the eye blind, the hands palsied, the limbs withered, the brain clouded, yet the heart—the time heart—may hold such wealth of love that all flowers of death and the victorious grave shall not be able to put out this queenless flame."

As we mounded home we could but think what a heaven upon earth this would be if such devotion existed between all who had taken the marriage vow. To such a couple the mellow rays of life's sunset are the most beautiful of any on the long journey from the cradle to the grave.

ENDORSED BY THE COUNTY.

"The most popular remedy in Otsego county, and the best friend of my family," writes Wm. M. Dietz, editor and publisher of the Otsego Journal, Gilbertsville, N. Y., "is Dr. King's New Discovery. It has proved to be an infallible cure for coughs and colds making short work of the worst of them. We always keep a bottle in the house. I believe it to be the most valuable prescription known for Lung and Throat diseases." Guaranteed to never disappoint the taker, by A. M. Hughes, Drug Store. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

RAILROAD WATCHES.

New supply of 17, 19 and 21 jeweled watches just received at Conley's store. These watches are suitable for railroad men or others who want accurate time. Some of them were bought at less than regular price and will be sold accordingly.

THE LIMIT OF LIFE.

The most eminent medical scientists are unanimous in the conclusion that the generally accepted limitation of human life is many years below the attainment possible with the advanced knowledge of which the race is now possessed. The critical period, that determines its duration, seems to be between 50 and 60; the proper care of the body during this decade cannot be too strongly urged. Carelessness then being fatal to longevity. Nature's best helper after 50 is Electric Bitters, the scientific tonic medicine that revitalizes every organ of the body. Guaranteed by A. M. Hughes, druggist, 50c.

EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

says C. G. Hays, a prominent business man of Bluff, Mo., that Bucklen's Arnica Salve is the quickest and surest healing salve ever applied to a sore, burn or wound or to a case of piles. I've used it and know what I'm talking about." Guaranteed by A. M. Hughes, druggist, 25c.

Have you a BOY to clothe? Every mother who has a boy to buy for should have her name on our "Mother Of Boys Directory." It furnished you with the seasons latest styles in Boys wear from 2 1/2 to 17 years. It costs nothing. Send your name and address to G. A. Northcott and Co., Huntington, W. Va., Boy's Dept.

FOR SALE.

Thorough-bred male hog one year old. Register stock Poland China weighs over 200 pounds. Price \$15.00. D. M. Jones, Louisa, Ky.

Residence Property For Sale.

Two houses and lots in Louisa, each two stories and five rooms. In good repair. Apply to M. F. Conley.

Big Sandy Produce Co.

LOUISA, KY.

We have just opened for business and are in the market for

All kinds of

Country Produce

except green beans. We buy apples, onions, Irish and sweet potatoes, cabbage, tomatoes, eggs, poultry, hides, glassing, etc., paying the best market price in cash.

Give us a trial.

Shipping Points, Louisa, Ky., and Ft. Gay, W. Va.

The Louisa National Bank.

Capital \$50,000.00.

Surplus over \$5,000.00

SECURITY TO DEPOSITORS, \$105,500.00.

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

Compare the local conditions and accommodations, money supply, rates, etc., before and since the organization of this Bank, and you will find that this institution has brought about changes of great benefit to the public. Our stock is not in the hands of a few people. Our stockholders number about sixty good citizens scattered throughout Lawrence and Wayne counties—the men who are putting money into the new enterprises that are building up and developing this community.

M. G. WATSON, President. - - - M. F. CONLEY, Cashier.
J. F. HACKWORTH, L. H. YORK, AUGUSTUS SNYDER,
R. L. VINSON, F. H. YATES, DIRECTORS.



A Bargain for our Subscribers

The New Idea Woman's Magazine and BIG SANDY NEWS, These Two Together For Only \$1.30

The New Idea Woman's Magazine contains over 100 pages each month of fashions, guidance for making clothes and household helps. Each number is divided somewhat as follows:

The Fashions

15 pages of reading and description; also nine full-page fashion plates—many of them in color.

Fiction and Informational Articles

50 pages by the best writers. Beautifully illustrated.

The Children's Department

From 5 to 10 pages of styles and stories.

Needlework

10 Pages.

Good Housekeeping

12 Pages.

ACT RIGHT NOW

Send along the Money and Secure this Bargain in a Year's Reading.

Notice To Farmers.

D. J. Burchett, Jr., will grind your corn for you for one-eighth toll. Will grind at any time. Fair treatment guaranteed. Bring in your corn. Shipping Points, Louisa, Ky., and Ft. Gay, W. Va.

Snyder Hardware Co.

Louisa, Ky.

CASKETS and COFFINS, ROBES, and all Supplies. Deliveries made in the country. Funerals attended at reasonable charges.

T. S. THOMPSON

ATTORNEY AT LAW LOUISA, - KENTUCKY.

Real Estate a Specialty. Real Estate agent for Louisa and Lawrence county. Will furnish abstracts of titles.

INSURANCE.

NEW YORK UNDERWRITERS AGENCY. ESTABLISHED 1864.

Policies secured by Assets, \$14,542,951.78

The New York Underwriters Agency has a notable record of forty years honorable dealing with the insuring public.

All losses in Baltimore conflagration and elsewhere promptly settled and paid.

The Dixon, Moore & Co. damage recently sustained was paid immediately, as are all losses.

Insure with AUGUSTUS SNYDER, Louisa, Kentucky.

Engine, Boilers, &c. For Sale.

Having displaced its steam engine and boilers with a gas engine, the Big Sandy Milling Co. offers them for sale. The engine is 64 horse power and the boilers are of proportionate size. Also, a lot of pulleys of different sizes and a number of cog wheels. Also, 10,000 second hand bricks. Here is a good chance to get equipment cheap. Apply to John G. Burns, Manager.

FOR SALE:—Good 4 - room house, weather-boarded and plastered, good-sized lot. Price \$700. Apply to R. A. Bickell or M. F. Conley. tf.

Greatest Discovery of the Age

ARNETT'S QUICK RELIEF.

Always ask for Arnett's Quick-Relief Salve for bleeding, itching and protruding piles. Also, cuts, burns, blood-poison, bruises, boils, carbuncles, eczema, tetter and all other skin diseases, and removes corns and warts. Also have a preparation for beasts that will bring same results.

Price 25 Cents Per Box.

Manufactured exclusively by

ARNETT & FULKERSON Louisa, Ky.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbooks sent free. Patent agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. Receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms: \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York. Branch Office, 225 N. E. Washington, D. C.

Nursing baby?

It's a heavy strain on mother.

Her system is called upon to supply nourishment for two.

Some form of nourishment that will be easily taken up by mother's system is needed.

Scott's Emulsion contains the greatest possible amount of nourishment in easily digested form.

Mother and baby are wonderfully helped by its use.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00

Big Sandy News

Entered at the postoffice at Louisa, Ky., as second-class matter.

Published every Friday by
M. F. CONLEY,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS:—One dollar per year, in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES furnished upon application.

FRIDAY, February 8, 1907.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Governor,
S. W. HAGER, of Boyd.
Lieutenant Governor,
SOUTH TRIMBLE.
Attorney General,
JOHN K. KENDRICK.
Auditor,
H. M. BOSWORTH.
Treasurer,
RUBY LAFFOON.
Sup. Public Instruction,
M. O. WINFREY.
Secretary of State,
HUBERT VREELAND.
United States Senator,
J. C. W. BECKHAM.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce M. M. Redwine as a candidate to fill the unexpired term of two years as Judge of the 32nd Judicial District of Kentucky, composed of the counties of Elliott, Morgan, Carter and Lawrence subject to the action of the Democratic party of said district.

In an explosion yesterday at the Thomas coal mines, at Thomas, Tucker county, W. Va., twenty-two men, mostly foreigners, were killed.

One man was killed and six were injured near Linton, Ind., as a result of a tor of powder and a thousand pounds of dynamite exploding.

A man in London paid \$5,750 for an ologlogesum crispum pittatum the day. The average man would give that much to be assured that he would never see one.

The monthly balance sheet of the Department of Site Auditor issued by Auditor Hager shows a balance in the treasury at the close of business, January 31, of \$934, 174.14.

The forests of Java, according to a traveler, consist almost entirely of teak. The Java and Mocha blend consisting of teakwood and parked beans will be weeded from the market under the pure food law.

A race outbreak occurred in the heart of the business district in Pittsburg, following a brutal attack by a negro upon a small white newsboy. The negro in question and other negroes who tried to go to his rescue narrowly escaped lynching.

A primary election, to be held on Tuesday, April 2 next, to select the Democratic nominee for Railroad Commissioner for the Second Railroad District of Kentucky, was ordered by the party committee for the district. In the session at the Capital hotel, Frankfort. The committee was unanimous in the action taken. The Hon. Charles C. Melhord, of Washington county, president, Commissioner and chairman of the State Commission, and J. S. Boltz, an attorney of Lexington, attended the meeting and announced that they will enter the primary.

Why Refer to Doctors

Because we make medicines for them. We give them the formula for Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and they prescribe it for coughs, colds, bronchitis, consumption. They trust it. Then you can afford to trust it. Sold for over 60 years.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a remedy that should be in every home. I have used a great deal of it for hard coughs and colds, and I know what a splendid medicine it is. I can not recommend it too highly."—MRS. E. COHEN, Hyde Park, Mass.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
SARSAPARILLA
PILLS,
BARK TONIC.

Ayer's Pills greatly aid the Cherry Pectoral in breaking up a cold.

The rally in the cry of the River Improvement Conventions was "Dam the Big Sandy!" and the echo comes back from Lord Burdon "D—n the Big Sandy!"

The leaders of the House of Representatives decided and have passed the McCumber pension bill under suspension of the rules. This measure, which passed at the Senate couple of weeks ago, gives a pension of \$12 a month to veterans 62 years old; \$15 to those of 70 years, and \$20 to those 75 years or over.

Senator Scott pushed to passage in the Senate the bill authorizing the Norfolk and Western Railway to construct bridge across the Tug Fork of Big Sandy river. Also a bill authorizing the Kentucky and West Virginia Bridge Company to construct a bridge across Tug Fork near Williamson, in Mingo county. Both bills will be laws signed by the President.

The weather bureau of the Department of Agriculture issues an iconoclastic bulletin in which it states that long-range weather forecasts as based on the position of the planets, phases of the moon, stellar influences, or by the observations of animals, birds and plants have no legitimate basis. This all means the tradition ground-hog, goose-bone, changes of the moon and other time-honored weather indications as a matter of fact have nothing to do with the weather, and therefore must be eliminated from the calculations of those who want to be up to date.

The case of Caleb Powers, three convicted of complicity in the murder of Gov. William Goebel, was called in the Circuit Court in Georgetown Tuesday.

There were two questions to be decided when the case was called. One was as to the time of trial and the other was as to who should provide as Judge. On account of the shortness of the regular term it was plain that the case could not be tried within the time limit and the attorneys for the prosecution and defense agreed to try the case at a special term in July or August. The other question remains unsettled.

HULETTE.

The roads in this locality are in a worse condition than they have been for years.

There will be church at this place the 4th Sunday morning by Rev. Cassidy.

John Wooten is no better. Wm. Bostick is at home from Louisa, after attending court three weeks.

W. J. Cochran makes frequent trips to this place. Isaac Wooten, who is at work at Pile, W. Va., spent few days with home folks last week. Mrs. C. R. Layne was visiting her parents Sunday.

Miss Ollie Chaffin was visiting her cousin, the Misses O'Daniel Sunday.

Miss Susie Nunley and Maggie Bostick were visiting Miss Ida Wooten Sunday evening.

Mrs. Ella Nunley, of Estep, is visiting home folks this week.

Miss Amy O'Daniel was visiting her cousin, Miss Lucy O'Daniel Sunday.

Maggie Bostick contemplates a visit to East Fork.

There are a few cases of whooping cough in our neighborhood.

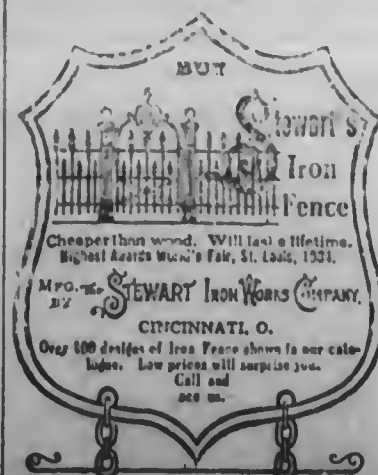
Sam Turman, of Buchanan, was at this place on business Monday.

Fred Jackson, of Estep, was seen here Sunday.

Wm. Bostick was called to the bedside of his son at Portsmouth. He has fever.

Rooms For Rent.

Five rooms suitable for living or office use, over Shipman and Gentry's store. Gas and water. Two rooms on second floor of my building on Main street opposite P. H. Vaughan's store. All these rooms are light and well ventilated. F. H. Yates.



F. R. FANNIN, Agent.
BLAINE, KENTUCKY.

Vice President Fairbanks remarked the presence of an interesting group of patriarchs in the Senate. They were former Senator Davis, of West Virginia, eighty-four years old, Senator Whyte, of Maryland, eighty-three, and Gen. Pettus, of Alabama, eighty-six.

Bring your Watch To Us.

The life and well being of an individual depend on the care of his "works." A watch is of much or little value, according to the condition of its works. Its case may be rich or poor, but everything depends upon its internal economy. It must be kept in first-class order, and at Conley's Jewelry Store here is a workman, Mr. O. H. Wilson, of California, who knows all about a watch, its needs, its ailments and its requirements. No matter how badly deranged it may be, he can tell what is necessary to be done and what is equally as essential, he can do it. Bring us your watches.

WANTED

Man with small family to live on farm 2 1-2 miles from Louisa. Good chance for right man. See Jas. Norton, Gallip, Ky.

FA-NT HEART.

I'd like to speak to her, but I—
I dissent.
To steal a kiss I'd surely try.
But dissent.
If I had nerve I'd sure but loose
Without the ghost of an excuse
Ah! have it out. But what's the use?
I dissent.

I'd like to ask her for her hand,
But dissent.

I'm such a backward case, good land,
I dissent!
I feel as measly as a skunk.
I'd pop the question quick,kerplunk!
But shucks, I haven't got the skunk.
I dissent.

Services at M. F. Church South

Regular services as follows: (We use central standard time.)
Prayer Meeting, each Wednesday at 6:30 p. m.
Sabbath School, each Sabbath at 9 a. m.
Preaching each Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. and at 6:30 p. m.

You are cordially invited to attend all these services. Strangers in the town specially invited to worship with us. "Come thou with us and we will do thee good for the Lord has spoken good concerning Israel."
O. F. Williams, Pastor.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS.

The following letters remain unclaimed in the Louisa Post Office for the week ending Feb 1, 1907:

J. B. Bazzell.
C. C. Bright.
Mrs. Bertha Burgess.
S. P. Cole.
A. L. Moore.
Persons calling for same will please say "advertised" and give date of list.

A. M. HUGHES

All double enamel 10 qt. bucket 25 cts. 2 and 3 qt. coffee boilers 25 cts. 10 qt. dial pan, 30 cts. at Gault's Racket Store.

See the grand display of Ladies' and Children's hats, wraps, skirts and a thousand more fall and winter articles now on display at Justice's.

For Sale:—Four houses and lots Also two vacant lots. See G. V. Meek.

Job Printing

Some of you are paying more for your job printing than the Big Sandy News office charges, and getting a poorer class of work and a cheaper grade of stock. It is worth your while to investigate.

RUBBER STAMPS.

Rubber stamps are a great convenience for certain purposes. They are not suitable for printing your letter heads and envelopes. Neatly printed stationery looks business-like and is cheaper, all things considered, than having blank stock and stamping it yourself.

However, we furnish rubber stamps at 1 cent for a single line 3 inches or less in length. 25 cents for 3 lines 3 inches or less.

Seals, Stock Certificates, &c. OFFICERS' AND NOTARY SEALS.

\$1.50 to \$2.00 Dates, 15c

Big Sandy News,
Louisa, Kentucky

OLIOVILLE.

Roads are in very bad condition, with but few bridges and few ferries. The high water has done great damage to the people at this place. We are glad to say that the sick in our community are improving.

Misses Maizie and Sarah Brainard were guests of Miss Stella Cunningham Sunday evening.

John B. Thompson and Leo T. Bratton were at John T. Davis' on business recently.

Miss Ollie Jordan visited Miss Esale Thompson lately.

Wesley Jordan has quit carrying the mail and Monflee Hunter is traveling the route.

The people of this neighborhood were very much surprised one evening last week, to hear of a large wild cat being killed by Isaac Cunningham and Edgar French. It was killed near the head of the Casto hollow. It was very large and very hard to kill.

Misses Edgar French and Herbie Ratcliff, of Veseele, are attending school here.

Isaac Cunningham is teaching a Normal School at this place, with a very large attendance.

Mrs. Maud Dean received a very painful injury on her hand last week at school, but we hope it will not prove fatal.

Misses Edgar French and Herbie Ratcliff visited home folks Saturday and Sunday. Dark Eyes.

FORT GAY

Thomas Frazier, of Erie, was a business visitor here Monday.

Hon. S. V. Cram went to Dunlow Monday on professional business.

Miss Bertha Riffe, of Veseele, Ky., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Dr. Lockwood.

C. J. Mayfield, of Williamson, spent Saturday and Sunday with his family here.

G. D. Hampton has been very low with a gripe for some time, but is improving.

Woods and Shortridge, of Veseele, Ky., loaded three hundred hogs at this point for Baltimore, Ohio, last Wednesday.

Frank Hartman sold to some parties in Jeanette, Pennsylvania, his pair of famous beagle hounds. The price paid was forty dollars each.

E. D. Hewitt, manager of the Hutchinson Lumber and Mfg. Co., went to Weh station the first of the week to load three cars of quarter oak lumber.

Lindsey Waller, a prosperous farmer of Branham, Ky., was stabbed and dangerously wounded by Peyton Lycans, last Saturday, during an altercation over a settlement involving some timber. The affray took place about two miles below here near Bay, Saukberry's, at whose house Mr. Waller is now being cared for. We understand that Peyton went to Squire Rutherford's early on Sunday and surrendered to that official. Mr. Waller is resting fairly well and chances for recovery slightly in his favor.

Have you a BOY to clothe? Every mother who has a boy to buy for should have her name on our "Mother Of Boy's Directory." It "unleashes you with the seasons latest styles in Boys wear from 2 1-2 to 17 years. It costs nothing. Send your name and address to G. A. Northcott and Co., Huntington, W. Va., Boy's Dept.

TO DELICATE WOMEN

You will never get well and strong, happy, hearty and free from pain, until you build up your constitution with a nerve refreshing, blood-making tonic, like

Wine of Cardui

It Makes Pale Cheeks Pink

It is a pure, harmless, medicinal tonic, made from vegetable ingredients, which relieve female pain and distress, such as headache, backache, bowel ache, dizziness, chills, scanty or profuse menstruation, dragging down pains, etc.

It is a building, strength-making medicine for women, the only medicine that is certain to do you good. Try it.

Sold by every druggist in \$1.00 bottles.

WRITE US A LETTER

freely and frankly, in strictest confidence, telling us all your symptoms and troubles. We will send free advice (in plain sealed envelope), how to cure them. Address: Ladies' Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

"YOU ARE FRIENDS

of mine," writes Mrs. F. L. Jones, of Ocellatin, Tenn.: "For since taking Cardui I have gained 35 lbs., and am in better health than for the past 5 years. I tell my husband that Cardui is worth its weight in gold to all suffering ladies."

On Easy Payments.

TOWN LOTS IN LOUISA

The most desirable residence town in the State Gas Water and sewerage within easy reach. Only 4 lots left. You'll have to hurry if you want any of them \$150, payable \$20 down and \$10 per month Or \$140 spot Cash.

The lots are centrally located and dirt cheap at the prices. Apply at once and get choice.

Louisa is improving rapidly and property will certainly continue to increase in value right along. Now is the time to buy. Demand for houses is much greater than the supply. Rent houses built on these lots would pay for the investment.

Kentucky Normal College is bringing many people to Louisa. Next year will see a large increase in population. Louisa has a location of great natural advantage. It is healthful and moral, has access to two railroads and slack water navigation, natural gas, water works, and all modern facilities. Its citizens have awakened to the advantages possessed by the town and are going after desirable enterprises. This means growth and development. Prices of real estate will gradually rise under such conditions. Now is the time to buy.

Apply to R. A. BICKEL or
M. F. CONLEY, - Louisa, Ky.

MONT HOLT, - Louisa, Ky.



Agent for the Enterprise M. F. G. Co's. Heavy Duty Engines, High Pressure Boilers designed for heavy saw-mill duty, Corn Mills, Saws, Pumps, Bolting, Emery Stones, and general mill supplies.

Big Clearance Sale.

Ladies' and Childrens Wraps and Skirts.

\$10 and \$12 wraps now \$6 to \$7.50.
\$8 and \$9 wraps now \$5 to \$6.
\$5 and \$6 wraps now \$3 to 4.

Clothing at Cost and less than Cost.

My entire line must be cleaned out regardless of Cost.
\$15 Overcoats, now \$10 \$10 Overcoats now \$6 67 \$10 Suits now \$7.50
\$8 Suits now \$6 \$6 Suits now \$4

Big line of Knee Pants, Children's Suits at lowest cut prices. Costs nothing to look. Will save you a lot.

Big line of Newest Dress Goods Just in,

W. D. PIERCE,

BARGAIN

LEADER

AVOID The INTERNAL WRONGS of ALUM

Alum
in food causes
stomach disorders—Its con-
tinued use means permanent
injury to health.

Following the advice of medical
scientists, England and France have
passed laws prohibiting its use
in bread making.

American housewives
should protect their house-
holds against Alum's wrongs
by always buying pure Grape
Cream of Tartar Baking
Powder.

Pure Grape Cream of
Tartar Powder is to be had
for the asking—

Buy by name—

Royal

ROYAL
BAKING
POWDER

Big Sandy News

FRIDAY, February 5, 1907



NOT WHAT SISTER SAYS.

Sister—Does your dolly talk when
you squeeze it?
Little Sister—Yes; but it doesn't
say, "Oh, Harry, don't!"

THE SUBSTITUTE

Sister's husband's name was Walter;
When she went away he kissed her.
Then, although he sadly missed her,
Mr. Walter kissed her sister.

Insure with Wallace Life, Fire,
Accident, etc. Office near depot.

Miss Clara Bromley has moved

Clover hay for sale at the Big
Sandy Mills, Louisa.

Figs, Raisins, Prunes, and cit-
rus at Sullivan's

Every bbl and sack of Blue Ribbon
flour guaranteed to give the best
of satisfaction and to be full weight.

J. L. Holley has moved his family
from Louisa to the old Medley home
on Medley Hill—Cattletsburg Trib-
une

F. J. Ridenbough, Supervisor of
Water Stations for the C. and O.,
died at his home in Ashland
Sunday. He was 63 years of age,
and was well known in Louisa.

Tom Murphy, of Kenova, has
been missing from his home since
Jan. 15. The last seen of him
was when he was on the east end
of the Big Sandy bridge.

Wallace, "The Big Sandy Insurance
Man" will be pleased to show you
the new form of life insurance, know-
ing the New York Standard Policy, be-
ing approved by the New York Legis-
lature. Issued by the Old Reliable
Mutual Life of New York.

Ask your grocer for Blue Ribbon
flour.

Ask your grocer for Blue Ribbon
flour.

Fruit and fine candles at Pickle-
sner's.

Columbian canned cream at Pickle-
sner's.

Everything new and fresh at Pickle-
sner's.

Pierce sells \$2.50 Snag Proof Roll
Edge Rubber Boots for \$3.00

Ask your grocer for Blue Ribbon
flour, and take no substitute.

Fred Blawick, son of John Blawick,
is wrestling with a case of
measles.

Latest wrap styles will be good
next season. Buy now and save
\$3 or \$4 at Pierce's

Every bbl and sack of Blue Ribbon
flour guaranteed to give the best
of satisfaction and to be full weight

Every bbl and sack of Blue Ribbon
flour guaranteed to give the best
of satisfaction and to be full weight.

The case against Burnham Roberts
for cutting, Jerry Muncy was called
last Saturday and continued two
weeks.

Ernest Shannon owns the building
on Pike street near the Junior Hall,
and he is transforming it into a 5-
room cottage.

A new line of engraved and em-
bossed tally cards suitable for Finch
and card parties, just in at Con-
ley's store. Also, a new supply of
Finch cards.

A hearing of the Louisa Water
Company's case was had at the
last term of Circuit Court. Some
of the creditors wanted a sale
of the property at once, but it was
finally decided to have the matter
go over until next court. In the
meantime the Master Commissioner is
to audit the claims against the com-
pany.

Wallace writes all forms of Bonds.

Try Picklesner's bulk roasted cof-
fee. It's fine.

Pierce sells regular \$3. Rubber
Boots for \$2.50.

Pierce's clothing is as good as the
best and 1-4 to 1-2 less in price.

Choice clover hay at D. J. Burch-
ett, Jr.'s. Phone No. 4. All orders
appreciated.

Choice clover hay at D. J. Burch-
ett, Jr.'s. Phone No. 4. All orders
appreciated.

A swell line of skirts, coats, fur,
scarfs and hats at Gault's Racket
Store

Ely Fitch, a well known citizen
of Louisa, is reported very serious-
ly sick.

Choice clover hay at D. J. Burch-
ett, Jr.'s. Phone No. 4. All orders
appreciated.

Miss Emma Wallace has been made
stenographer for J. C. C. Mayo, of
Palmerville.

If you want your cow to give
plenty of milk, buy your feed of the
Big Sandy Milling Co.

It is said that Jim Compton, a
blacksmith and good mechanic, is
going to operate a machine shop in
Louisa.

W. Preston, formerly of Rich-
mond, has rented the recently-
vacated residence of Charles W. Ma-
homed and will keep a boarding
house for students.

Colby Sparks and family, form-
erly of Yatesville, but now of Cel-
lar, W. Va., are keeping a big and
splendid boarding house at that place.
Mr. Sparks was a business visitor
here Wednesday.

By the explosion of a locomotive
boiler at Colby station on the
Lexington division Tuesday the
engineer, fireman and brakeman
were instantly killed and one another
employee fatally injured.

F. H. Brown, of the Big Sandy
Produce Company, has rented the
house now occupied by Prof. Byling-
ton and will move in as soon as
the professor moves out. Mr. Brown
is now living in the Frank Yates
house near the mill.

Miss Hulbert, formerly the music
teacher in the K. N. C., left for
her home in Texas Monday, hav-
ing been called thither by the sick-
ness of her mother. Miss Hulbert
is a lady of social and professional
worth, and made many friends in
this city.

Mrs. Vic Pritchard and little
granddaughter, Miss Virginia, are
here to spend the next three months
at the Hager home with the latter's
father, Attorney E. B. Hager, while
Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Hager are on a
trip abroad.—Ashland Independent.

Little Cecil Welsh, whose illness
was noted last week, died last Sat-
urday. His disease was typhoid, fol-
lowed by inflammation of the brain.
He was the youngest child of Pete
Welsh and wife and was three and a
half years old.

At considerable expense we are
procured permission to publish one
of the most popular stories now in
the market. The book only re-
cently made its appearance. It
sells for \$1.50 per copy, but is
protected by copyright which pre-
vents publication without arrange-
ment with the publishers. Read
"The House of a Thousand Can-
dles" in this issue.

WANTED.

Horses, Mares, and Mules. Must
be sound and in good order, from
4 to 12 years old, and broke. Will
pay highest market price. Will be
at Louisa, Ky., rain or shine, on
Thursday, Feb. 21st and Friday,
Feb. 22nd, 1907.

N. S. BUCK and SON.

W. O. Barve, formerly the agent
of the C. and O. and E. K. rail-
ways, at E. K. Junction, has re-
signed that position and taken the
position of operator at Paints-
ville. The E. K. Junction has been
"advertised" as railway people call
it but very few want to "buy" it,
on account of the heavy work and
manifold duties.

FOR SALE.

A beautiful home near Louisa, on
railroad, river and main county
road 15 minutes walk to center of
town. Farm contains 120 acres,
40 acres in timothy, plenty of tim-
ber all kinds of fruit in two orchards
good water, dwelling has 8 rooms,
large yard, 3 tenant houses, new
barn. An ideal home near town.
Mrs. Julia Fulkerson.

PERSONALS.

Harmon Caines, of Olive Hill, was
in Louisa recently.

Mrs. Nancy Billups has gone to
Washington City to visit Mr. and
Mrs. Robert Billups.

James Evans, a well known farm-
er of Prosperity, was a business vis-
itor here Saturday.

McClellan Kirk, one of the fore-
most Martin county attorneys, was
in Louisa last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Snyder
and son Gus went to Louisville Mon-
day and returned Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Sullivan and
Miss Holbert, of Louisa, are vis-
iting in the city.—Cattletsburg Tri-
bune

J. P. Wells, attorney of Pikeville,
was in attendance on the Circuit
Court during the last week of its
session.

News received yesterday from Dr.
Watson and party reported them at
El Paso, Mexico, en route to Cali-
fornia.

G. G. Peters, formerly of this vic-
inity, but now of Bedford City,
Va., was visiting relatives here
this week.

Dr. Jenks was down the river a
few days last week, picking up
some of the latest and best ideas
in dentistry.

J. H. McClure went to Louisville
this week to look after a ship-
ment of tobacco. Eight hogheads
were shipped from the Gallup neigh-
borhood last week.

Rev. Floyd Williams, pastor of the
M. E. Church, South, of Louisa, spent
yesterday with Rev. J. W. Critch-
field at the parsonage.—Cattletsburg Tri-
bune.

Mrs. Wade and son John have
returned from Huntington, where
John bravely submitted to a pain-
ful operation for the removal of
a growth in the upper part of his
throat.

The friends of Mrs. S. S. Vin-
son of Kellogg, will be pleased to
learn that she is able to sit up
this week, after being confined to
her bed since Thanksgiving day, when
she fell and broke her hip.

Mrs. Ed Tinsley and Mrs. James
McConnell, of Cattletsburg, are guests
of Mrs. B. F. Thomas. Mrs. Tinsley
will return this afternoon and Judge
James McConnell will come up to-
morrow and he and his wife will re-
main in Louisa until Monday.

Don't you want caps, gloves, and
overalls for your elf and boys? Gault's
Racket Store.

Blacksmith Shop For Rent.

A blacksmith shop with complete
set of tools, for rent to a man
who will operate it at present loca-
tion. Good point for work. G. J.
Carter, Yatesville, Ky. 4t.

\$1. 375.

Perkins, of near Webbville, for
injuries received in Ashland some
time ago by having been struck by
a C. and O. engine, was awarded \$1,375
as damages for his hurt. The case
was tried during the last week of
the recent session of the Lawrence
Circuit Court, and will be appealed.

Valentines at Conley's.

A large stock of pretty valentines
is now on display at Conley's store
in Louisa. Next Thursday will
occur the anniversary of the day
so beautifully and faithfully kept
in honor of good Saint Valentine.
Almost any price from a penny to a
dollar and over will find good value
in this stock.
We also have hundreds of the com-
ic varieties.

Robert Berry, killed by an acci-
dent on the C. and O., related else-
where, was a nephew of Andrew
Perry, well known here, and Charles
of Runyon, killed at the same time,
was a son of Runyon the house mov-
also known in Louisa.

The commodious residence on the
southeast corner of Main
Cross and Franklin streets, and
known as the Henry Ferguson prop-
erty has been rented by Mrs. Hag-
and will be fitted up and used
as a dormitory for the College. The
is well located and adapted
for the purpose for which it is
now intended.

Have you a BOY to clothe? Ev-
ery mother who has a boy to buy for
should have her name on our "Mo-
ther Of Boys Directory." It furnishes
you with the seasons latest styles
in Boys' wear from 2 1-2 to 17 years.
It costs nothing. Send your name
and address to G. A. Northcott and
Co., Huntington, W. Va., Boys Dept.

Judge M. H. Houston, of Ashland,
died last Tuesday night at Tate
Springs, Tenn., where he had gone
for his health. He was a former
County Judge of Boyd county and
a prominent citizen of Ashland. By
his marriage about fifteen years ago
to Miss Viola Gartrell Judge Hous-
ton became related to some prom-
inent Louisa families.

Wallace, "The Big Sandy Insurance
Man" writes the most modern
forms of Accident Insurance. See
him before purchasing elsewhere.

Changed Hands.

The Arlington Hotel has again
changed hands, Hamilton retiring
and giving place to Curtis Bond and
Mrs. A. M. Holbrook, formerly of
Blaine. The new landlords have
assumed control.

Unable To Attend.

Many of the Louisa friends of
Boland, who died and was buried
at Point Pleasant, W. Va., wished to
attend the funeral of their former
pastor, but the very inclement weather
and the decided uncertainty of
of trains unfortunately prevented.
Death occurred Sunday afternoon,
after an illness of an hour, and
interment was made the following
day.

Very Low Rates to the Northwest.

Montana, Idaho and Washington ev-
ery day in March and April over
the Northern Pacific Ry. For rates
and full information write L. J.
Bricker, Travelling Emigration Agent,
Northern Pacific Ry., No. 40 East
4th St., Cincinnati, O.
Northern Pacific maps and print-
ed matter furnished free by F. T.
D. Wallace, Jr., Louisa, Ky. 4t

Country Hams Wanted.

Country hams are in good demand
and the Big Sandy Produce Co., of
Louisa, is now paying ten cents per
pound. Also, seven cents for
slaughtered hogs. This company
will pay you the highest price, for
this and other country products at
all times.

Regular Meeting.

The City Council met in regular
session last Tuesday night. In the
absence of Mayor Snyder, Dr. J.
D. Piggs was made chairman pro-
tem. The usual grist was ground,
with some special features added.
The monthly salary of Marshal
Zions was increased ten dollars. A
new dog law was passed, and those
who have already paid tax on their
dogs will receive due credit for the
ensuing year.

Everybody should carry fire in-
surance on their property. Wallace
"The Big Sandy Insurance Man," is
one of the best companies in the
United States. They are configura-
tion proof, having settled all San
Francisco losses satisfactorily to all
concerned.

Lent begins next Wednesday, and
the day following will be the occa-
sion of the annual distribution of
missives tender and otherwise, the
"otherwise" being — more's the
pity — largely in the majority. Eas-
ter comes March 31, unusually ear-
ly.

Overcoats.



THE Season is just now ripe
for heavy overcoats. We
have them in all the new styles
and colors. We show in this
cut the new long (53 inches)
styles, very nobby. Also Rain
Coats.

CLOTHING.

All the Newest and most up-to-date
Creations.

\$3.00 TO \$15.00.

SHOES

Anything you may desire in Men's
and Boys' good shoes

SHIPMAN & GENTRY, . Louisa, Ky.

A SERMON

Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life.—Acts x. 42.

(Continued from Last Week.)

Let me however, I should burst some of and make you feel what I do not intend, let me remark that I do not mean to say that you must shed actual tears. Some men are so hard in constitution that they could not shed a tear. I have known some who have been able to sigh and to groan, but tears would not come. Well, I say, that though the tear often affords evidence of penitence, you may have "repentance unto life" without it. What I would have you understand is that there must be some real sorrow. If the prayer may not be vocal, it must be secret. There must be a groan if there is no word; there must be a sigh if there be no tear, to show the repentance even though it be but small.

There must be in this repentance, I think, not only sorrow, but there must be practice—practical repentance.

"Tis not enough to say we're sorry, and repent, And then go on from day to day just as we always went."

Many people are very sorry and very penitent for their past sins. Hear them talk. "Oh!" they say, "I deeply regret that ever I should have been a drunkard; and I sincerely bemoan that I should have fallen into that sin; I deeply lament that I should have done so." Then they go straight home; and when one o'clock on Sunday comes you will find them at it again. And yet such people say they have repented. Do you believe them when they say they are sinners, but do not love sin? They may not love it for the time, but can they sincerely penitence, and then go and transgress again immediately, in the same way as they did before? How can we believe you if you transgress again and again, and do not forsake your sin? We know a tree by its fruit, and you who are penitent will bring forth works of repentance. I have often thought it was a very beautiful instance, showing the power of penitence which a pious minister once related. He had been preaching on penitence, and had in the course of his sermon spoke of the sin of stealing. On his way home a laborer came alongside of him, and the minister observed that he had something under his smock—fronk. He told him he need not accompany him further; but the man persisted. At last he said, "I have a spade under my arm which I stole up at that farm house, I heard you preaching about the sin of stealing, and I must go and put it there again." That was sincere penitence which caused him to go back and replace the stolen article. It was like these South Sea Islanders, of whom we read, who stole the missionaries' articles of apparel and furniture and everything out of their houses, but when they were savanly converted they brought them all back. But many of you say you repent, yet nothing comes of it; it is not worth the snap of the finger. People sincerely repent, they say, that they should have committed a robbery, or that they have kept a gambling-house; but they are very careful that all the proceeds shall be laid out to their hearts' best comfort. True repentance will yield works meet for repentance, it will be practical repentance.

Yet farther. You may know whether your repentance is practical by this test. Does it last or does it not? Many of your repentances are like the hectic flush upon the cheek of the consumptive person, which is no sign of health. Many a time have I seen a young man in a flow of newly acquired, but unsound godliness; and he has thought he was about to repent of his sins. For some hours such as one was deeply penitent before God, and for weeks he relinquishes his follies. He attends the house of prayer, and converses as a child of God. But back he goes to his sins as the dog returns to his vomit.

The evil spirit has gone "back to his house and has taken with him seven others more wicked than himself, and the last state of that man is worse than the first." How long has your penitence lasted? Did it continue for months? or did it come upon you and go away suddenly? You said, "I will join the church—I will do this, that, and the other, for God's cause." Are your works lasting? Do you believe your repentance will last six months? Will it continue for twelve months? Will it last until you are wrapped in your winding-sheet?

Yet again, I must ask you one question more. Do you think you would repent of your sins if no punishment were placed before

you? or do you repent because you know you will be punished for ever if you remain in your sins? Suppose I tell you there is no hell at all, that, if you choose, you may wear, and, if you will, you may live without God. Suppose there were no reward for virtue, and no punishment for sin, which would you choose? Can you honestly say, "No, I will not choose either?" "No," I think, I know, by the grace of God, I would choose righteousness if there were no reward for it, if there were nothing to be gained by righteousness, and nothing to be lost by sin." Every sinner hates his sin when he comes near to the mouth of hell; Every murderer hates his crime when he comes to the gallows; I never found a child hate its fault so much as when it was going to be punished for it. If you had no cause to dread the pit—if you knew that you might give up your life to sin, and that you could not, would not, commit sin, except through the infirmity of the flesh? Would you still desire holiness? Would you still desire to live like Christ? If so—if you can say this in sincerity—if you thus turn to God and hate your sin with an everlasting hatred, you need not fear but that you have a "repentance" which is "unto life."

III. Now comes the concluding and third point, and that is The Blessed Beneficence of God in granting to men "repentance unto life." Repentance, my dear friends, is the gift of God. It is one of those spiritual favours which ensure eternal life. It is the marvel of divine mercy that it not only provides the way of salvation that it not only invites men to receive grace, but that it positively makes men willing to be saved. God punished his son Jesus Christ for our sins, and therein he provided salvation for his lost children. He sends his minister; the minister bids men repent and believe, and he labors to bring them to God. They will not listen to the call, and they despise the minister. But then another messenger is sent, a heavenly ambassador who cannot fail. He summons men to repent and turn to God. Their thoughts are a little wayward, but after he, the Divine Spirit, pleads with them, they forget what manner of men they were, and repent and turn. Now, what would we do if we had been treated as God was? If we had made a supper, or a feast, and sent out messengers to invite the guests to come, what would we do?—Do you think we should take the trouble to go round and visit them all, and get them to come? And when they sat down and said they could not eat, would we open their mouths? If they still declared they could not eat should we still make them eat? Ah! beloved I am inclined to think you would not do so. If you had signed the letters of invitation, and the invited would not come to your feast would you not say, "You shall not have it." But what does God do? He says, "Now I will make a feast, I will invite the people, and if they do not come in my ministers shall go out and fetch them in bodily I will say to my servants, go ye out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that they may partake of the feast I have prepared." Is it not a stupendous act of divine mercy that he actually makes them willing? He does not do it by force, but uses a sweet spiritual suasion. They are first as unwilling to be saved as they can be; "but," says God, "that is nothing, I have power to make you turn to me and I will." The Holy Ghost then brings home the Word of God to the consciences of his children in so blessed a manner that they can no longer refuse to love Jesus. Mark you, not by any force against the will, but by a sweet spiritual changing the will. O, ye lost and ruined sinners! stand here and admire my Master's mercy. He sets not only a feast of good things before men, but he induces them to come and partake of them, and constrains them to continue feasting until he carries them to the everlasting eternal mansion. And as he bears them up, he says to each one, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore, by my lovingkindness I have drawn thee. Now, dost thou love me?" "Oh, Lord," they cry, "thy grace in bringing us here proves that thou dost love us, for we were unwilling to go. Thou saidst, you shall go, we said we would not go, but thou hast made us go. And now, Lord, we bless thee and love thee for that force. It was sweet constraint." I was a struggling captive, but I am now made willing.

Well, now what say you? Some of you will say, "Sir, I have been trying to repent for a long time. In pains and afflictions I have been praying and trying to believe, and doing all I can." I will tell you another thing: you will try

a long time before you will be able to do it. That is not the way to get it. I heard of two gentlemen traveling. One of them said to the other, "I do not know how it is, but you always seem to recollect your wife and family, and all that is doing at home, and you seem as if you connected all things around you with them; but I try to bring mine to my recollection constantly, and yet I never can." "No," said the other, "that is the reason—because you try. If you could connect them with every little circumstance we meet, you would easily remember them. I think at such and such a time—now they are having their breakfast. In this way I have them still before me." I think the same thing happens with regard to repentance. If a man say "I want to believe," and tries by some mechanical means to work himself into repentance, it is an absurdity, and he will never accomplish it. But the way for him to repent is by God's grace to believe to believe and think on Jesus. If he picture to himself the wounded bleeding side, the crown of thorns, the tears of anguish—if he takes vision of all that Christ suffered, I will be bound for it he will turn to him in repentance. I would stake what reputation I may have in spiritual things upon this—that a man cannot, under God's Holy Spirit, contemplate the cross of Christ without a broken heart. If it is not so my heart is different from any one's else. I have never known a man who has thought upon, and taken a view of the cross, who has not found that it begat repentance, and begat faith. We look at Jesus Christ if we would be saved, and we then say, "Amazing sacrifice! that Jesus thus died to save sinners." If you want faith, remember he gives it; if you want repentance, he gives it! If you want everlasting life, he gives it liberally. He can force you to feed your great sin, and cause you to repent by the sight of Calvary's cross and the sound of the greatest, deepest death shriek, "Elo! Elo! lama sabachthai!" "My God! my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" That will begot "repentance;" it will make you weep and say, "Alas! and did my Savior bleed; and did my Sovereign die for me?" Then beloved, if you would have repentance, this is my best advice to you—look to Jesus. And may the blessed Giver of all "repentance unto salvation," guard you from the false repentances which I have described, and give you that "repentance," which existeth "unto life."

The End.

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By special arrangement with the Southern Agriculturist, the popular semi-monthly farm paper of Nashville Tenn., we are able to give our readers the advantage of a clubbing offer which we believe is the most liberal ever made by any newspaper in the South.

The Southern Agriculturist, a great semi-monthly farm paper goes twice every month into 50,000 southern homes, and the regular price is 50 cents a year. It is edited by southern men and women to suit southern conditions, and is just what our farmers need. It answers free of charge any question a subscriber may ask, and its advice is given in a plain, practical way which any farmer can understand. All departments of farm life are covered, including delightful home and children pages.

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Good milk cow wanted. Jersey preferred. Apply or write Big Sandy News office.

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I now have money in my hands sufficient to pay Road and Bridge claims for 1906 from No. 1750 to and including No. 1793. Also, common fund from No. 1731 down to and including 1893. Can take in all county claims up to and including series 68, 1906.

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People living in the country may order coffins or caskets from us by telephone or otherwise and we will deliver them at very small cost. We have a team that we can send out at any time and the expense will be slight.

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Ladies, see those new shirt waist sets at Conley's store. They are beautiful.

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One or two cottages. Apply to D. M. Jones, Louisa, Ky.

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Call and see our fine line of Haviland and other fine grades of China and see if you do not agree with us when we say that you will not find as desirable and large a line as this in any other town of Louisa's size. We bought a sufficient quantity to have shipment made direct from France, thereby saving about 15 per cent., and we are giving the benefit of this saving to our customers. Compare our prices with those in the cities and be convinced. Your friends will appreciate a gift of any piece of Haviland China, no matter how small.

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GAMES OF VARIOUS KINDS

Conley's Store,
LOUISA, KENTUCKY.

The House of a Thousand Candles

(Continued from Page Seven.)

CHAPTER II.

A Face at Sherry's.

"Don't mention my name in front of me!" said Laurence Donovan, and he drew me aside, ignored my hand and otherwise threw into our meeting a casual quality that was somewhat puzzling in view of the fact that we had met last at Cairo.

"Allah il Allah!"

"I was undisturbed by Larry. I felt the heat of the desert and heard the camel-driver cursing and our Sudanese guides plotting mischief under a window far away.

"Well! we both exclaimed intermediately.

He rocked gently back and forth, with his hands in his pockets, on the tile floor of the bathing house. I had seen him stand thus once on a time when he had eaten nothing in four days—it was in Abyssinia, and our guides had lost us in the worst possible place—with the same untroubled look in his eyes.

"Please don't appear surprised, or wearied or anything, Jack," he said, with his delicious intonation. "I saw a fellow looking for me an hour or so ago. He's been at it for several months; hence my presence on these shores of the brave and the free. He's probably still looking, as he's a persistent devil. I'm here, as we may say, quite incognito. Staying at an East Side lodging house, where I shan't invite you to call on me. But I must see you."

"I'll be with you to-night, at Sherry's."

"Too big, too many people—"

"There's no security, if you're in trouble. I'm about to go into exile, and I want to eat one more civilized dinner before I go."

"Perhaps it's just as well. Where are you off for—not Africa again?"

"No. Just Indiana—one of the sovereign American states, as you ought to know."

"Indiana?"

"No; warranted all dead."

"Pack train—balloon—automobile—"

"Vandalized cars. It's easy. It's not the getting there; it's the not dying of encephalitis after you're on the spot."

"Tut-tut! What hour did you say for the dinner?"

"Seven o'clock. Meet me at the entrance."

"I'll be there if I'm not in jail. Kindly allow me to precede you, and don't follow, please!"

He walked away, his glazed hands clasped behind him, lounged out upon Broadway and turned toward the Battery. I waited until he disappeared, then took an uptown car.

My first meeting with Laurence Donovan was in Constantinople, at a cafe where I was dining. He got into a row with an Englishman and knocked him down. It was not my affair, but I liked the ease and defiance with which Larry put his foot on the commission. I learned later that it was a way he had.

My friend, the American consul general at Constantinople, was not without a sense of humor, and I easily enlisted him in Larry's behalf. The Englishman thrived for vengeance and induced all the powers. He insisted, with reason, that Larry was a Turkish subject and that the American consul had no right to give him asylum—a point that was, I understand, thoroughly well-grounded in law and fact. Larry maintained, on the other hand, that he was not English but Irish and that, as his country maintained no representative in Turkey, it was his privilege to find refuge wherever it was offered. Larry was always the most plausible of human beings, and between us,—he, the American consul and I,—we made an impression, and got him off.

I did not realize until later that the real joke lay in the fact that Larry was English-born, and that his devotion to Ireland was purely sentimental and quixotic. His family had, to be sure, come out of Ireland some time in the dim past, and settled in England; but when Larry reached years of knowledge, if not of discretion, he cut Oxford and landed on taking his degree at Dublin. He even believed,—or thought he believed,—in business. He allied himself during his university days with the most radical and turbulent advocates of a separate national existence for Ireland, and occasionally spent a month in jail for rioting. But Larry's instincts were scholarly, he made a brilliant record at the university; then, at 22 he came forth to look at the world, and liked it exceedingly well. His father was a busy man and he had other sons, so he granted Larry an allowance and told him to keep away from home until he got ready to be respectable. So, from Constantinople, after a tour of Europe, we together crossed the Mediterranean in search of the remnants of lost kingdoms, spending three years in the pursuit. We parted at Cairo on excellent terms. He returned to England and later to his beloved Ireland, for he had blithely sung the wildest Gaelic songs in the darkest days of our adventures, and never lost his love for the Sod, as he affectionately—and capitalizing—his adopted country.

Larry had the habit of lamprolousness. He came from his East Side lodging house that night clothed properly, and wearing the gentlemanly air of peace and reserve that is so wholly incompatible with his disposition to breed discord and induce in riot. When we sat down for a leisurely dinner at Sherry's we were not, I modestly maintain, a formidable pair. We were both a trifle under the average—tall, slender, nervous, and, just then, trained fine. Our lean, clean-shaven

faces were well-browned—mine wearing a fresh coat from my days on the steamer's deck.

Larry had never been in America before, and the scene had for both of us the charm of a gay and novel spectacle. I have always maintained, in telling to Larry of people and races, that the Americans are the handsomest and best-natured people in the world, and I believe he was persuaded of it; that night as we gazed with eyes long unaccustomed to splendor upon the great company assembled in the restaurant. The lights, the music, the variety and richness of the costumes of the women, the many unmistakable foreign faces that gave a cosmopolitan accent to the whole, wrought a welcome spell upon senses inured to hardship in earth's waste and dreary places.

"Now tell me the story," I said. "Have you done murder? Is the offense treasonable?"

"It was a tenants' row, in Galway, and I smashed a constable. I smashed him pretty hard, I dare say, from the row they kicked up in the newspapers. I lay low for a couple of weeks, caught a boat at Queenstown, and here I am, waiting for a chance to get back to the Sod without going in for it."

"You were certainly born to be hanged, Larry. You'd better stay in America. There's more room here than anywhere else, and it's not easy to kidnap a man in America and carry him off."

"Possibly not; and yet the situation isn't wholly tranquil," he said, transfixing a bit of pompino with his fork. "Kindly note the dord gentleman at your right—at the table with four—he's next the lady in pink. It may interest you to know that he's the British consul."

"Interesting, but not important. You don't fear a moment's surprise?"

"That he's looking for me? Not at all. But he undoubtedly has my name on his tablets. The detective that's here following me around is pretty dolt. He lost me this morning while I was talking to you in the bank. Later on I had the pleasure of trailing him for an hour or so until he finally brought up at the British consul's office. Thanks, no more of the fish. Let us banish care. I wasn't born to be hanged; and as I am a political offender, I doubt whether I can be deported if they lay hands on me."

He watched the bubbles in his glass dreamily, holding it up to his slant, well-kept fingers.

"Tell me something of your own immediate present and future," he said.

I made the story of my grandfather Glenarm's legacy as brief as possible, for brevity was a definite law of our intercourse.

"A year, you say, with nothing to do but fold your hands and wait. It doesn't sound awfully attractive to me. I'd rather do without the money."

"But I intend to do some work. I owe it to my grandfather's memory to make good, if there's any good in me."

"The sentiment is worthy of you, Glenarm," he said, mockingly. "What do you see—a ghost?"

I must have started slightly at suddenly saying Arthur Pickering not 20 feet away. A party of half a dozen or more had risen, and Pickering and a girl were detached from the others for a moment.

She was young—quite the youngest in the group about Pickering's table. A certain girlishness of height and outline may have been emphasized by her juxtaposition to Pickering's heavy figure. She was in black, with white showing at throat and wrists—a somber contrast to the other women of the party, who were arrayed with a degree of splendor. She had dropped her fan and Pickering stooped to pick it up. In the second that she waited she turned carelessly toward me, and our eyes met for an instant. Very likely she was Pickering's sister, and I tried to reconstruct his family, which I had known in my youth; but I could not place her. As she walked out before him my eyes followed her,—the erect figure, free and graceful, and with a charming dignity and poise,—and the gold of her fair hair glinting under her black toque.

Her eyes, as she turned them full upon me, were the saddest, sweetest eyes I had ever seen, and even in that brilliant, crowded room I felt their appeal. They were fixed in my memory indelibly,—mournful, dreamy and wistful. In my absorption I forgot Larry.

"You're taking unfair advantage," he observed quietly. "Friends of yours?"

"The big chap in the lead is my friend Pickering," I answered, and Larry turned his head slightly.

"Yes, I supposed you weren't looking at the woman," he observed dryly. "I'm sorry I couldn't see the object of your interest. Bah! these men!"

I laughed carelessly enough, but I was already summoning from my memory the grave face of the girl in black,—her mournful eyes, the glint of gold in her hair. Pickering was certainly finding the pleasant places in this vale of tears, and I felt my heart beat against him. It hurts, this seeing a man you have never liked succeeding where you have failed!

"Why didn't you present me? I'd like to make the acquaintance of a few representative Americans,—I may need them to go bail for me."

"Pickering didn't see me, for one thing, and for another he wouldn't go bail for you or me if he did. He isn't built that way."

Larry smiled quizzically.

"You needn't explain further. The sight of the lady has shaken you. She reminds me of Tonyson."

"The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes."

and the rest of it ought to be a solemn warning to you,—many 'drew swords and died; and calamity followed in her train. Bah! these women! I thought you were past all that!"

"I don't know why a man should be past it at 27! Besides, Pickering's friends are strangers to me. But what became of that Irish colleen you used to moon over? Her distinguishing feature, as I remember her photograph, was a short upper lip. You used to force her upon me frequently when we were in Africa."

"Humph! When I got back to Dublin I found that she had married a brewer's son,—think of it!"

"Put not your faith in a short upper lip. Her face never inspired any confidence in me."

"That will do, think you. I'll have a bit more of that mayonnaise if the waiter isn't dead. I think you said your grandfather died in June. A letter advising you of the fact reached you at Naples in October. How it occurred to you that there was quite an interval there? What, may I ask, was the executor doing all that time? You may be sure he was taking advantage of the opportunity to look for the red gold. I suppose you didn't give him a sound drubbing for not keeping the cables hot with inquiries for you?"

He eyed me in that disdain for my stupidity which I have never suffered from any other man.

"Well, no; to tell the truth, I was thinking of other things during the interval."

"Your grandfather should have provided a guardian for you, lad. You oughtn't to be trusted with money. Is our bottle empty? Well, if that person with the fat neck was your friend Pickering, I'd have a care of what's coming to me. I'd be quite sure that Mr. Pickering hadn't made away with the old gentleman's hoard, or that it didn't get lost on the way from him to you."

"The time's running now, and I'm in for the year. My grandfather was a fine old gentleman, and I treated him like a dog. I'm going to do what he directs in that will no matter what the size of the reward may be."

"Certainly, that's the eminently proper thing for you to do. But—but keep your wits about you. If a fellow with that neck can't find money where money has been known to exist, it must be buried pretty deep. Your grandfather was a little eccentric, I judge, but not a fool by any manner of means. The situation appeals to my imagination. Jack, I like the idea of it,—the lost treasure and the whole business. Lord, what a salad that! Cheer up, comrade! You're as grim as an owl!"

Whereupon we fell to talking of people and places we had known in other lands.

We spent the next day together, and in the evening, at my hotel, he criticized my effects while I packed, in his usual trenchant vein.

"You're not going to take those things with you, I hope?" He indicated the rifles and several revolvers which I brought from the closet and threw upon the bed. "They make me homesick for the jungle."

He drew from its cover the heavy rifle I had used last on a leopard hunt and tested its weight.

"Precious little use you'll have for this! Better let me take it back to the Sod to use on the landlords. I say, Jack, are we never to seek our fortunes together again? We hit it off pretty well, old man, come to think of it,—I don't like to lose you."

He bent over the straps of the rifle-case with unnecessary care, but there was a quaver in his voice that was not like Larry Donovan.

"Come with me now!" I exclaimed, wheeling upon him.

"I'd rather be with you than with any other living man, Jack Glenarm, but I can't think of it. I have my own troubles; and, moreover, you've got to stick it out there alone. It's part of the game the old gentleman set up for you, as I understand it. Go ahead, collect your fortune, and then, if I haven't been hanged in the meantime, we'll join forces later. There's no chap anywhere with a pleasant knack at spending money than your old friend L. D."

He grinned, and I smiled ruefully, knowing that we must soon part again, for Larry was one of the few men I had ever called friend, and this meet-

ing had only quickened my old affection for him.

"I suppose," he continued, "you accept my gospel truth that that fellow tells you about the estate. I should be a little wary if I were you. Now, I've been kicking around here for a couple of weeks, dodging the detectives, and incidentally reading the newspapers. Perhaps you don't understand that this estate of John Marshall Glenarm

hasn't taken about a good bit."

"I didn't know it," I said lamely.

"You couldn't know, when you were coming from the Mediterranean on a steamer. But the house out there and the mysterious disappearance of the property have been duly discussed. You're evidently an object of some public interest,"—and he drew from his pocket a newspaper cutting. "Here's a sample item." He read: "John Glenarm, the grandson of John Marshall Glenarm, the eccentric millionaire who died suddenly in Vermont last summer, arrived on the Maximukucke from Naples yesterday. Under the terms of his grandfather's will, Glenarm is required to reside for a year at a curious house established by John Marshall Glenarm near Lake Annacolis, Indiana."

"This provision was made, according to friends of the family, to test young Glenarm's staying qualities, as he has, since his graduation from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology five years ago, distributed a considerable fortune left by his father in contemplating the wonders of the old world. It is reported—"

"That will do! Signs and wonders I have certainly beheld, and if I spent my patrimony I submit that I got my money back."

I paid my bill and took aansom for the ferry,—Larry with me, shuffling away drolly with his old zest. As the boat drew out into the river a silence fell upon us,—the silence that is possible only between old friends. As I looked back at the lights of the city, something beyond the sorrow at parting from a comrade touched me. A sense of foreboding, of coming danger, crept into my heart. But I was going upon the latest possible excursion; for the first time in my life I was submitting to the direction of another,—albeit one who lay in the grave. How like my grandfather it was to die leaving this remembrance upon me! My mood changed suddenly and as the boat bumped at the pier I laughed.

"Bah! these men!" ejaculated Larry.

"What men?" I demanded, giving my hand to him in parting.

"These men who are in love," he said. "I know the signs,—mooning, all night, and inexplicable laughter! I hope I'll not be in jail when you're married."

"You're in a lot of time if they hold you for that. Here's my train."

We talked of old times, and of future meetings, during the few minutes that remained.

"You can write me at my place of rustication," I said, scribbling "Annacolis, Wabasha county, Indiana," on a card. "Now if you need me at any time I'll come to you wherever you are. You understand that, old man. Good-by."

"Write me, care of my father—he'll have my address, though this last row of mine made him pretty hot."

I passed through the gate and down the long path to my steamer. Turning with my foot on the step, I waved a farewell to Larry, who stood outside watching me.

In a moment the heavy train was moving slowly out into the night upon its westward journey.

(To Be Continued.)

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Preaching each Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. and at 6:30 p. m.

You are cordially invited to attend all these services. Strangers in the town specially invited to worship with us. "Come thou with us and we will do thee good, for the Lord has spoken good concerning Israel."

O. F. Williams, Pastor.

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Yes, I Supposed You Weren't Looking at the Woman," He Said, Dryly.

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I paid my bill and took aansom for the ferry,—Larry with me, shuffling away drolly with his old zest. As the boat drew out into the river a silence fell upon us,—the silence that is possible only between old friends. As I looked back at the lights of the city, something beyond the sorrow at parting from a comrade touched me. A sense of foreboding, of coming danger, crept into my heart. But I was going upon the latest possible excursion; for the first time in my life I was submitting to the direction of another,—albeit one who lay in the grave. How like my grandfather it was to die leaving this remembrance upon me! My mood changed suddenly and as the boat bumped at the pier I laughed.

"Bah! these men!" ejaculated Larry.

"What men?" I demanded, giving my hand to him in parting.

"These men who are in love," he said. "I know the signs,—mooning, all night, and inexplicable laughter! I hope I'll not be in jail when you're married."

"You're in a lot of time if they hold you for that. Here's my train."

We talked of old times, and of future meetings, during the few minutes that remained.

"You can write me at my place of rustication," I said, scribbling "Annacolis, Wabasha county, Indiana," on a card. "Now if you need me at any time I'll come to you wherever you are. You understand that, old man. Good-by."

"Write me, care of my father—he'll have my address, though this last row of mine made him pretty hot."

I passed through the gate and down the long path to my steamer. Turning with my foot on the step, I waved a farewell to Larry, who stood outside watching me.

In a moment the heavy train was moving slowly out into the night upon its westward journey.

(To Be Continued.)

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Louisa, - Kentucky.

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Where it is now in session with large enrollment.

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"Yes, I Supposed You Weren't Looking at the Woman," He Said, Dryly.

ing had only quickened my old affection for him.

"I suppose," he continued, "you accept my gospel truth that that fellow tells you about the estate. I should be a little wary if I were you. Now, I've been kicking around here for a couple of weeks, dodging the detectives, and incidentally reading the newspapers. Perhaps you don't understand that this estate of John Marshall Glenarm

hasn't taken about a good bit."

"I didn't know it," I said lamely.

"You couldn't know, when you were coming from the Mediterranean on a steamer. But the house out there and the mysterious disappearance of the property have been duly discussed. You're evidently an object of some public interest,"—and he drew from his pocket a newspaper cutting. "Here's a sample item." He read: "John Glenarm, the grandson of John Marshall Glenarm, the eccentric millionaire who died suddenly in Vermont last summer, arrived on the Maximukucke from Naples yesterday. Under the terms of his grandfather's will, Glenarm is required to reside for a year at a curious house established by John Marshall Glenarm near Lake Annacolis, Indiana."



By JULIA MARLOWE:
"The nuances of each episode in 'The House of a Thousand Candles,' Meredith Nicholson's dramatic sense grasps instantly and portrays with perfect artistic simplicity."
"More than any other attribute this is what will make a strong play of the book."

By DAVID WARFIELD:
"The vivid dramatic quality of 'The House of a Thousand Candles,' combined with its romantic adventure, makes the story one of the most interesting I have read."

THE OPENING CHAPTERS
APPEAR IN THIS ISSUE

The HOUSE of a THOUSAND CANDLES

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

THE OPENING CHAPTERS
APPEAR IN THIS ISSUE

By MRS. LESLIE CARTER:
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"The plot of Mr. Nicholson's new book is original and strong in dramatic conception, developed with ever growing interest to a striking climax, and the book is, I think, rich material for a stirring play."



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Louisa, : : Kentucky.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

Four ministers served on a jury in the Circuit Court at Mt. Sterling and gave a verdict of guilty against an alleged illegal voter. Judge Young says he will raise the quality of his juries by having more ministers serve on them.

A special term of the Boyd Circuit Court has been called to begin on the 18th of February, and before adjourning Judge Kinner set cases for trial at the coming special session. He set 10 cases for each of the first five days of the term.

Sharpsburg, Ky., Feb. 4. — Jesse Johnson, a negro, was detected in the act of peeping through the window shutters last night into a room where a young woman was disrobing. An alarm was given and the negro was pursued and caught, but he broke away from his captor and escaped. A crowd of men searched for him all night, but he could not be located.

Society news in the Bugle-Herald: Cecil Vansant, of Martinsburg, attended the festival here Saturday night, several girls seemed to get struck had.

A measly trick — James K. Lyons, the mischief, cut a piece of ribbon from a young ladie's streamer while on the moving train to Olive Hill the other day, and gave it to your scribe.

Personals from Salt Lick Times: After three years of constant persecution, John Alfrey at last succeeded in winning the affection of his nephew's wife, and the couple eloped Wednesday night and were last seen at Yale, at 9:30 p. m. They were headed for Salt Lick walking along the railroad track. They resided at Barger, Rowan county, J. H. Alfrey is hot on the trail of his faithless wife and her lover, and was seen to be on the lookout with a big shotgun.

Kate Tolliver shot Buck Evans Tuesday, with a shot gun. Both parties are residents of Morehead and are well known. The trouble has long existed between the two and the shooting was not a surprise to any of those who knew the parties. Evans is not seriously injured.

Beattyville, Ky., Jan. 31.—Almost a hundred persons in Judge Sutton's court room and all other citizens within hearing ran for their lives this afternoon, when thirty-five cartridges, which some one had placed in the court room stove, exploded, narrowly missing Jailer Spicer and wrecking the room. Rumor spread rapidly that an attempt had been made to dynamite the court-house, and threats of lynching for the miscreants were rife when Judge Sutton, after investigating the cause of the uproar, explained to the gathered citizens that it was evidently a "joke."

Evidence in the trial of a negro named Hoskins, charged with robbery, was being heard, when fresh kindling which had been thrust quietly into the stove by an unnoticed person began to flame brightly. Spicer moved toward the stove with hand outstretched to close the door when, a crash split the iron of the slides and the smoke of powder filled the air. For a moment all was confusion, but when it was learned that no one had been injured and that the cartridges had been put in the stove to create the excitement furnished, Judge Juv and attendants at the trial said that they would do their best to get the joker.

If discovered he will be given the heaviest contempt of court fine possible.

ROVE CREEK.

There will be church at Rove Creek next Sunday.

Whooping cough is all the go here now.

Misses Mollie Lambert, Florence and George Bryant went up our creek Sunday, en route to Gilliam's.

John Stewart was seen on Rove Creek Sunday.

Rob Vanhorn and wife were visiting his uncle last Sunday.

Aldon Bryan passed down our creek Sunday.

John Lambert and wife were visiting O. B. Stump and wife.

Ira Copley was visiting friends at Rush last week.

Tom Stump and George Bryant have gone into the swine business.

Grover Vanhorn was visiting friends on Rove Creek.

Miss Emma Traummel was visiting friends on our creek Sunday.

Ike Lambert went to Buchanan Monday.

John Copley was visiting friends at Bud Dough's Sunday. Sunflower.

BUSSEYVILLE.

It has given us a gift of the beautiful to the depth of ten inches and the young nimrods can just pick up Miss Mollie Cotton tall with little or no trouble. Also our young folks are enjoying to the greatest extent, sleigh riding, which is by far the finest in years.

The Rev. Walker is conducting a protracted meeting here. He will be assisted by a visiting brother who is expected today—Tuesday.

The Rev. F. Friley and Co., have just closed a very successful series of meetings at Adams. Many converts, many seekers left at the altar, and general revival among members of the church.

C. S. Thompson, of Louisa, came out last Saturday with a view of selling his mill to Borders Bros., of Lowmansville.

Miss Pearl Holt, who taught the public school at Georges Creek, came home this week.

Miss Fairy Holt, who has been visiting at Burgess for two weeks is home.

Miss Alva Lee Pligg is visiting her uncle Lum Hayes in the head of Little Blaine this week.

James H. Compton has purchased a lot in Louisa preparatory to the erection of a business house and shop thereon. He has not fully determined when he will move to that place.

J. P. Hughes, Sr., went to Morgans creek last Saturday to visit his daughter, Mrs. Leander Davis. He was accompanied by his sons, J. P. Jr., and Marion.

Miss Lizzie O'Neal, who has been sick for the past month or so, is much improved, we are glad to say.

All our pensioners came out last Monday to have vouchers filled and fix measures for the return of checks, which are expected by return mail.

Clyde Carter left last Sunday to enter the "K. N. C." at Louisa. He says the school is up to date in every particular.

Buckskin Bess.

FORT RILEY, KANSAS.

I will endeavor to tell my old Kentucky friends of my army life. I am now stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas, which is situated 135 miles west of Kansas City, on the Union Pacific R. R. The Fort Riley reservation is noted for its many historical marks. Principally, Major Ogden's monument, marking the Geographical center of the United States. We also find here the Wounded Knee Monument erected in memory of the famous 7th Cavalry campaign against the Indians.

I will now try to describe the fort. We have 3 squadrons of Cavalry 2nd, 9th and 15th. The 8th is the colored cavalry. We also have five batteries of field artillery, namely, the 2nd, 7th, 20th, 22nd and 25th. Fort Riley has one of the best national target ranges in the United States. The National maneuvers were held here last year. We have a large gymnasium, which furnishes the soldier plenty of amusement. They are now preparing to bring two regiments of Infantry here and make this a brigaded post.

Cleveland Queen
C. and B. School.
Fort Riley,
Kansas.

CADMUS.

There will be church at this place the third Sunday by Rev. Cassady. The school at this place is progressing nicely, with large attendance.

Married, at this place a few days ago, Mr. Adam Harmon and Miss Nancy Mosser.

Miss Lillie Chambers, of Seedick, is attending school here.

William Belcher lost a fine horse Sunday night.

Mrs. J. B. Riffe, who has been sick for a few days, is better.

Sam Workman spent Sunday with Wm. Elken.

Floyd Mead is working for Wm. Belcher.

We are sorry to say Ed. Matile is no better.

Harmon Compton and sister, Gypale, are attending school at Green Valley.

Lon Short is very sick.

Charley Roberts is at his brother's, W. V. Roberts, and is very sick.

John Petterson has returned to Loup branch.

Miss Della Belcher was visiting Miss Mary Browning Sunday.

Miss Rachel Marcum, of Louisa, is visiting friends at this place.

WANTED: By a prominent monthly magazine, with large, high-class circulation, I call representative to look after renewals and increase subscription list in Louisa and vicinity, on a salary basis, with a continuing interest from year to year in the business created. Experience desirable, but not essential. Good opportunity for the right person. Address Publisher, box 59, Station O New York.

OBITUARY.

Opal Haws, little daughter of L. A. and Mary Haws, and grand daughter of U. G. Haws, was born Jan. 17, 1900 and departed this life, Jan. 18, 1907, aged 6 years, 11 months and 18 days. She met death by her clothes taking fire from an open grate, and before the mother could put the fire out the dear little girl was so badly burned that death resulted in 12 hours. Little Opal was a sweet little child, and being warned of her death about three weeks before she was burned she said to her mamma, "Mamma, I am not going to be here long. I am going to Heaven. Say mamma, have they many good things to eat up in Heaven?" After she was burned, she said, "Mamma do not cry I am going to Heaven." For the consolation of the bereaved parents and grand parents, friends and relatives of little Opal, we say, "Weep not as those that have no hope, for this moment little Opal is safe at home where there is no open grate or firey blast to destroy her life. She is at home at last."

God in his wisdom has recalled, his boon His love had given, And though the body slumbers here The Soul is safe in Heaven.

It is sad that one we cherish, Should be taken from our home, But the joys that do not perish, Live in memory alone.

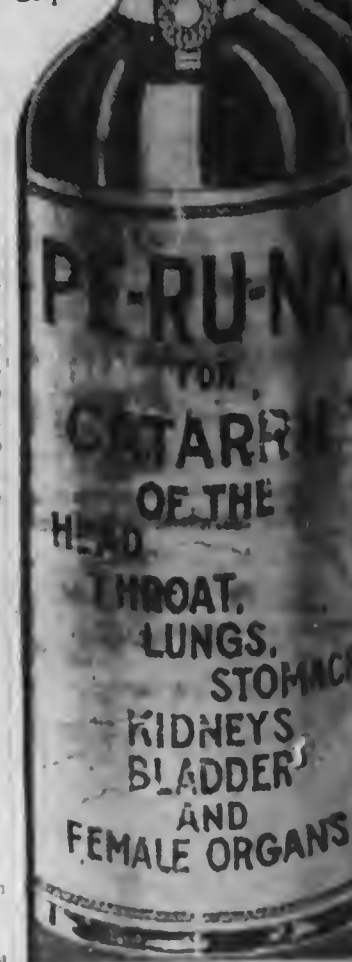
Six long years we've spent together Oh! the happy golden hours Shall be cherished in remembrance, Fragrant sweets from memory flow ere.

WANTED.

Steady employment by a man and his son to run a saw mill. Can give a good recommendation. My reason for leaving the place where I am now stationed is the scarcity of timber, and I desire to locate in the eastern part of the State. For further particulars address W. O. Holston, Independence, Kenton county, Ky.

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Have your repairing done by an expert. Mr. O. H. Wilson, of Los Angeles, Cal. is in charge of this department and will do any work in that line. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

If you have any work in this line bring it in and have it done right. A Watch is a delicate piece of mechanism and should be entrusted only to an expert.

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